VOL. CCXXXVII, No. 3084
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Schweppshire Guide to public speaking

NO. 3 HOW TO OPEN A FLOWER SHOW

As everybody knows, there never was such an expert in flower-show-opening, such a perfectionist in this difficult art, as Lady Margaret Horley-Lampe. "A great pleasure to come amongst you once more" is of course the right way to begin: but it is not exactly what she says—it is the absolute rightness of her general Flower Show qualities. To begin with, as the daughter of a Duke but married to a Mr., her position is ideal, and her choice inevitable. It is true that in 1953 her sequence of sixteen consecutive appearances was incredibly broken in favour of Miss Daphne Dote, the film actress, from Ruislip: but fortunately this breach was healed by the resignation of that unsuitable Show Secretary, Charlie Wiggins. Lady Margaret knows exactly when to arrive, by which entrance, and across what reserved paddock, in her completely un-self-driven car. Flower Show colours, we observe from her, are strongly pale and emphatically matching. The accent is on the good grey of her suede gloves. Her coat, pale in a very slightly contrasted direction, is English summer weight—i.e. suitable for all purposes.

"All of us who have the interests of the Flower Show at heart" is a good thing to say before a slight criticism: but Lady Margaret was so outstandingly suitable that nobody minded, or indeed noticed, if in her speech she wandered to the extent of mentioning her plan for a washing-up machine in the canteen of the kennel club. But the Complete Opener should know by instinct that it is Goatley, cashier of the little bank in the High Street, who is this year's Secretary; she will remember that Miss Edelscote must be complimented, as she has been for the last twenty years, for producing the best Lauschia phipps-vaughanii, though it is faintly annoying that as always she slightly mispronounces Miss Edelscote's name. She is delighted, once more, that the younger people are taking an interest in flowers; and though she somehow infers that flower shows in general are not subject to the petty differences of local politics, she makes it fairly clear which politics these are.

Written by Stephen Potter; designed by George Him

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a first novel

The Margaret Days

(13/6)

NATALA DE LA FERE

her new novel

All My Fathers

(13/6)

and

THE CHILDREN

a novel by James Vance Marshall of two children lost miles from civilisation and of the third child who saved them

(12/6)

MICHAEL JOSEPH

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M. BRUCK

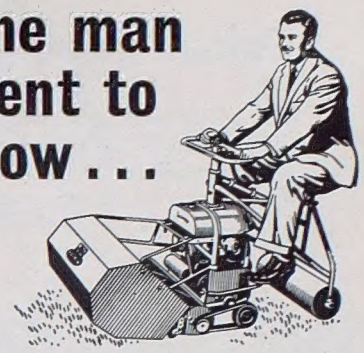
DOLOMIT-RALLY

June 28th - 29th, 1959:
"DOLOMIT RALLY"

Mass-meeting of cars on the Great Dolomite Highway.
Information from: All Automobile Clubs, and the "Dolomit-Rally"-Committee, Via Argentieri 10, Bolzano.

Information from: Your Travel Agency, Italian State Tourist Office, London and Ente Provinciale Turismo, Piazza Walter 8 and 22, Bolzano (Italy)

One man went to mow . . .



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SUCH A WARM-HEARTED WHISKY—AND SO SMOOTH

Colour gains ground around town

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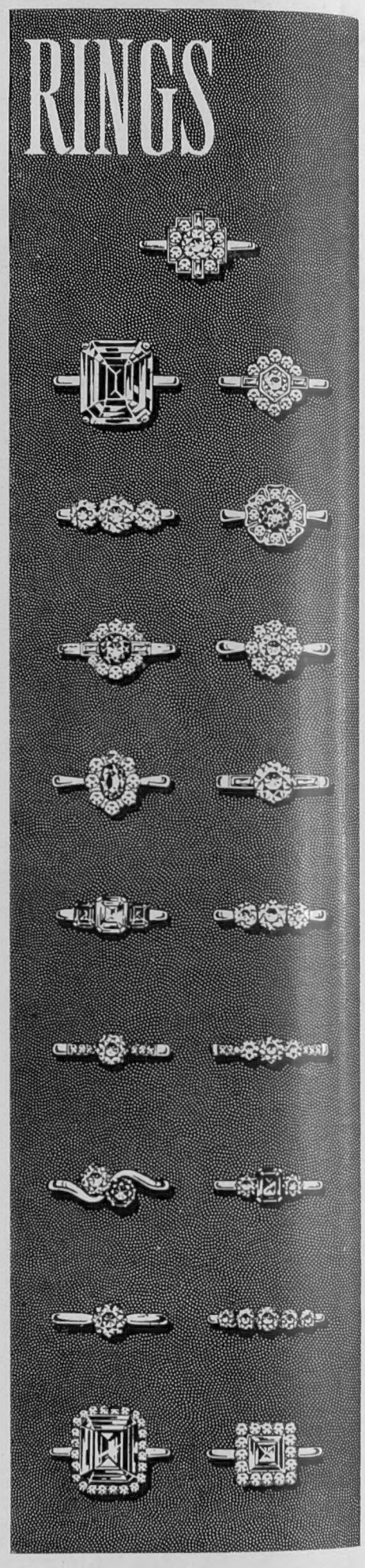

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Volume CCXXXVII No. 3084

The SPHERE, London, May 9, 1959

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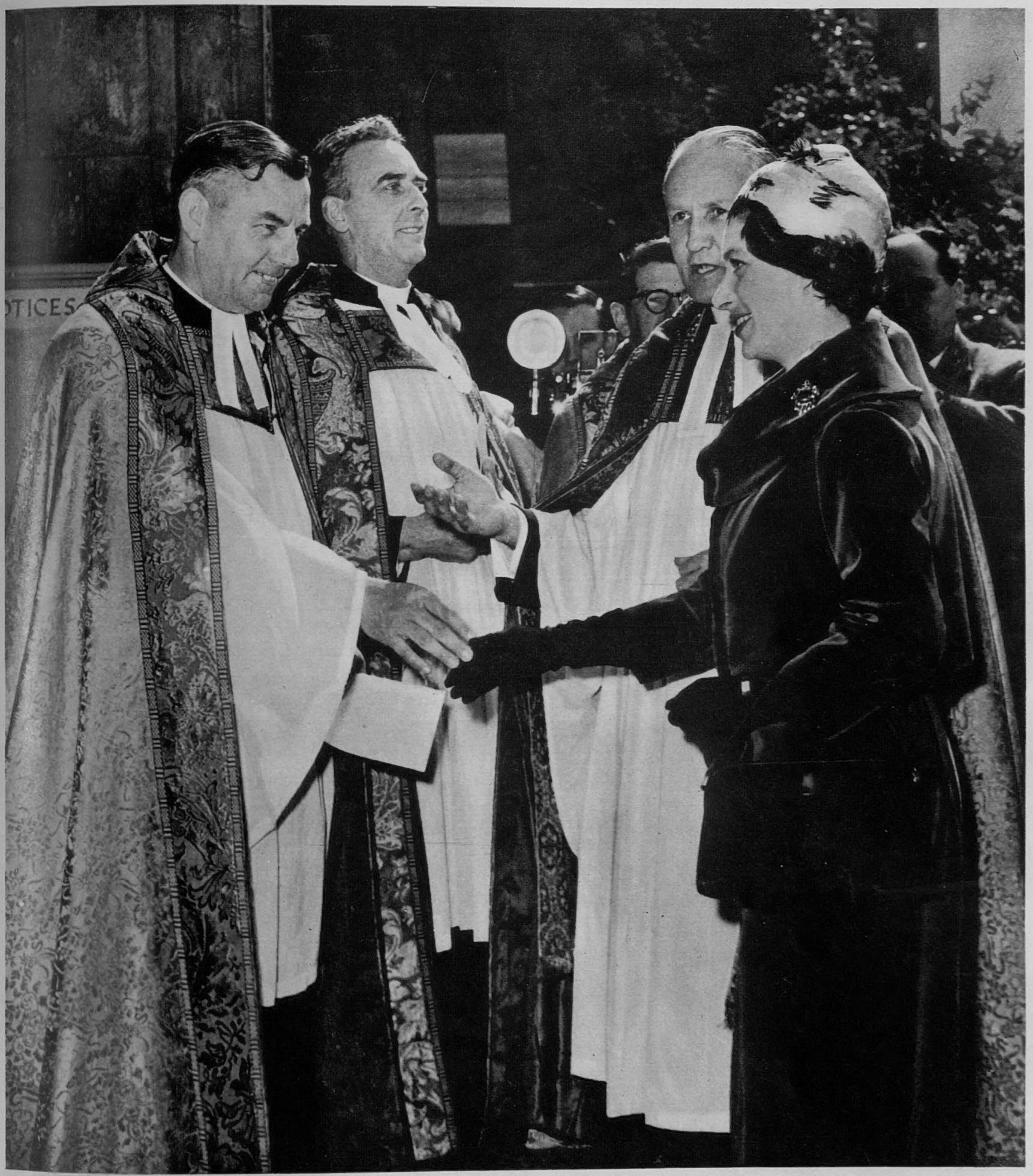

PRINCESS MARGARET AT AN EPISCOPAL CONSECRATION—A UNIQUE OCCASION AT SOUTHWARK CATHEDRAL, IN LONDON: Her Royal Highness is introduced by the Provost, the Very Rev. G. E. Reindorp, to members of the Chapter. She had arrived for the consecration of two bishops—the Rev. Mervyn Stockwood, as Bishop of Southwark, and Canon W. F. P. Chadwick, as Suffragan Bishop of Barking. It is believed to be the first time a member of the Royal Family has attended the consecration of bishops.

Southwark Cathedral is in one of the busiest parts of London and the sound of traffic and trains was audible throughout the Consecration of two new bishops last week. The service was conducted by the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Epistoler was the Bishop of Winchester and the Gospeller the Bishop of London. Altogether there were forty bishops present from the Provinces of Canterbury and York. Princess Margaret made the occasion especially historic by her presence, for she is thought to be the first member of the Royal Family ever to attend a bishop's consecration. The new Bishop of Southwark is the Rev. Mervyn Stockwood, formerly Vicar of St. Mary the Great, the University church at Cambridge. With him Canon W. F. P. Chadwick, formerly Rural Dean of Barking and Vicar of St. Margaret with St. Paul, Barking, was consecrated Suffragan Bishop of Barking. The sermon was preached by the Rev. F. A. Simpson, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. In it he referred to the "pittances" of the clergy and spoke of the need to ensure that they had enough money so that they "should not have to think too much about it."

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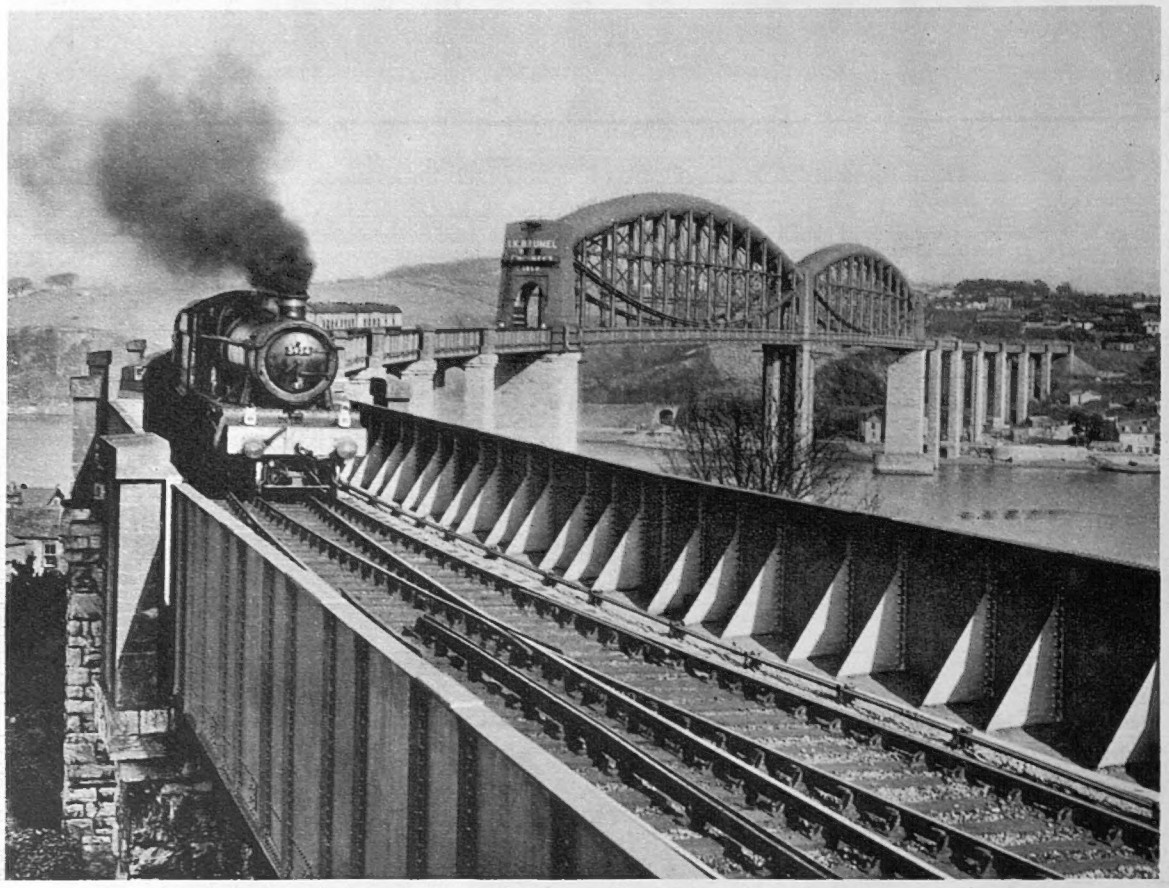


CENTENARY OF THE ROYAL ALBERT BRIDGE AT SALTASH: A train, appropriately pulled by an ex-Great Western locomotive and painted in the old G.W.R. colours of chocolate and cream, crosses the single-track bridge in Cornwall, designed by Brunel a hundred years ago. To commemorate the centenary the bridge has been floodlit. The piece of engineering is regarded in many quarters as Brunel's finest achievement among the bridges and railway work which he undertook. The chocolate-and-cream livery has been reintroduced on the Western Region for named express trains.

A London Newsletter

195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

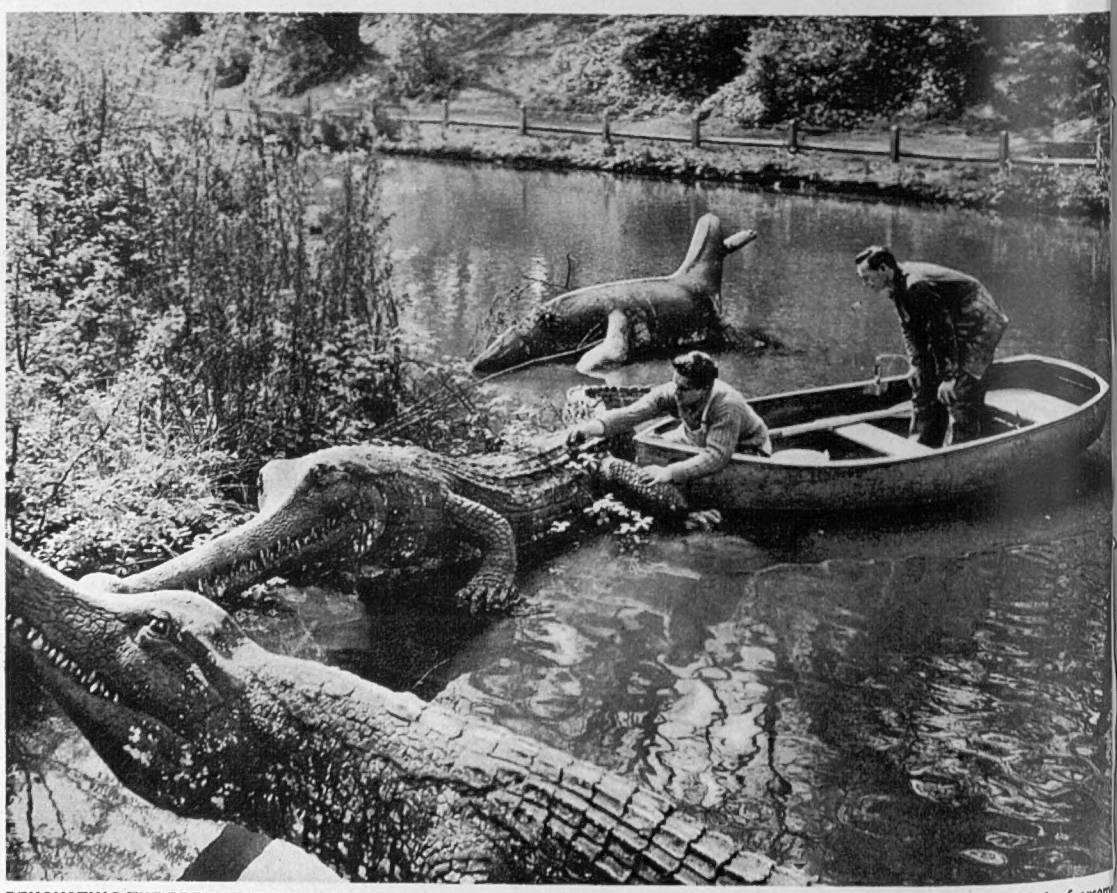
This Summer, This Autumn, Next Spring?—This year, next year, some time . . . ? There will certainly be a General Election sometime, but when is anybody's guess, even Mr. Macmillan's, I fancy. It is at least safe to say it will be all over, bar the shouting, before 1961. Meanwhile, some of his own followers (who would like to have it over and done with) and the Opposition, whose leaders grow no younger, and are not quite certain whether delay may improve or damage Labour's prospects, hang on the hints he sometimes lets fall (just to tease), and try to decode his cryptograms. His Preston cipher was easier to interpret than most; a good deal easier than that of the Zimmermann telegram. " This summer " is definitely *out*. October is less likely than it was. 1960 is the year. Why? The Premier is by no means as hopeful as he was that the Foreign Ministers' Conferences will advance matters speedily. His allies are by no means at one with him on all points. Some are rather cool about the value of a Summit. His idea of a " series of Summits " leading to good results is regarded as optimistic and long-viewed in the extreme. Mr. Dulles' illness and retirement seem to require the services of Mr. Macmillan as long as possible in the international lead. The Budget measures will take an unusually long time to deal with. Measures to deal with unemployment can show no good results till the late autumn, if then. And the full programme of the Government for the betterment of old and young, pensioners and tycoons, requires the presence and drive of Mr. Macmillan and his team to the last moment which the " rules " allow. The Tories accept these arguments. The Socialists are compelled to swallow them. They have no option. For them it is Hobson's choice and Hobson's horse is a dark horse.

Christian Realism—*God and the atom bomb.* What answer does God's wisdom give to this vital moral issue? The British Council of Churches, in a pamphlet on atomic war, supplies material worthy of careful study by every one of us. We cannot dismiss it as just moral righteousness. It is extremely realistic and packed with detailed knowledge. It rejects the idea that this is a struggle between God and the Devil. It is Christian to turn the other face. The Bible tells us that a soft answer turneth away wrath. If you or I adopt these principles in face of threats, we are morally right and commendable Christians. But a Government has another " loyalty." Its responsibility to its people cannot be set aside. Our existence as a nation under our way of life depends to-day on our position among the nations. That position depends upon our use of military and political power, *as practised to-day*. Nuclear weapons are a vital part of that power. Our Government cannot shed its responsibility and cannot shelter in comfortable moral righteousness under the atomic umbrella of the U.S.A. (A Labour Government may see it differently, and the fact that atomic tests daily bring the world's food and water supplies a little nearer danger-point may lend support to their views expressed in Opposition.) The Council is not uncritical of our own Government's wobbles and is not deficient in practical suggestions. We must be frightful for our defence. We need not be more frightful than safety requires. We can, and should, exactly limit our nuclear defences and do all in our power to limit the number of nuclear nations. We must arm, not to destroy but to restrain. Again, just as in 1938, and, indeed, in 1913, we were left naked to our enemies because we refused to pay taxes for adequate defence armaments, so to-day our reliance on nuclear weapons has been in part due to our reluctance to spend more and sacrifice more of our comforts to achieve more massive and effective strength in conventional weapons. Here is food for thought, lucidly prepared and by no means trite or lacking in realism and facts. It is a timely and heartening proof of the Church's determination to give us a lead.

Offensive Works and Weapons—Now that the Commons have given a Third Reading to the Obscenity Bill, it may well become law by July. Flick knives also may be barred from sale to potential desperadoes. All this is good news. With adequate pressure from public opinion, Parliament sometimes moves fast. Public opinion is often more compelling than facts, statistics and the lessons they should teach to responsible Ministries. But whether these two measures will make all things plain and quickly remove two undesirable features of social life is another question. It is not difficult to drive a coach-and-four, let alone a one-horse dray, through even the most carefully drafted Act. In the years to come there may be many who can successfully claim good reason to possess a flick knife, and many an author (or publisher) who can successfully safeguard himself from prosecution on the plea of something rather less than quite incontrovertible artistic or literary merit. But if the police have now more effective powers to deal with the trade of pornography, A. P. Herbert and his fellow-workers are to be congratulated. And perhaps if this autumn *Lolita* makes her *public* appearance in England, as promised, we may get a further clarification of the new definitions in the Bill.

Dancing . . . and Thin Ice?—Dame Margot Fonteyn is, I think, in no danger at all of being extradited from this country to Panama. Whatever the terms of the extradition agreement between Britain and Panama they would not cover an alleged political offence. We have, however, no means whatever of deciding whether there are other reasons which may prevent her sleeping quiet in her bed, except, of course, for anxiety concerning her husband. An iron curtain hangs between us and this cloak-and-dagger mystery, and we are confined to surprise and speculation about how it came that this admired and honoured ballerina was " only yesterday " doing her admirable stuff before highly civilised and enchanted audiences in Britain and to-day is by some said to be the mysterious heroine of a South American cloak-and-dagger spy story which an Oppenheim might have invented in a wine-induced spasm of inspiration. No smoke without fire? More things in heaven and earth, Horatio? We must wait and see. Certainly, odd things happen daily in our world and the thoughts of men and women are hidden even from their intimates. But somehow, I will bank on Dame Margot being more interested in her art than in South American politics and *coups d'état*, and more likely to put a foot right than wrong.

The Boast of Heraldry—I was amused by Mr. Hankinson's reference to his difficulties in issuing his new edition of *Debrett*. He cited the Highland lady who preferred that her family tree should be omitted



RENOVATING THE PREHISTORIC MONSTERS AT CRYSTAL PALACE: Workmen haul their boat up to the tail of one of the fearsome models in the south London park, during the initial inspections before the work of restoration was started. Since the realistic monsters are many years old, they have been eroded by the weather and needed touching-up in places.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY DINNER: The chief guest, Mr. Macmillan, addresses the guests at the dinner at Burlington House, in London. From left, at the top table, are Earl Attlee (third from left), the German Ambassador (behind the candelabra), the Duke of Wellington, Viscount Monckton, the Russian Ambassador, the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Prime Minister, Sir Charles Wheeler, Sir Winston Churchill (almost hidden), General Sir Charles Loewen, Viscount Hailsham, the French Ambassador, the Duke of Hamilton, and the Archbishop of Westminster. Among the pictures in the background are, centre, the large canvas called "Trooping the Colour," by William Roberts, A.R.A., with, above it, "Eryri," by Kyffin Williams. To the left are "Newcastle," by Edward Wakeford (the upper picture), and "Canty, Hospital of the Holy and Undivided Trinity, Clun," by Derek Clarke. On the right of "Trooping the Colour" are "Two Spanish Girls," by Zdzislaw Ruszkowski (the upper picture), and "Gerald Humphrey, D.Sc.", by John Ward, A.R.A.

altogether rather than to appear on the same page as a Lowland family. Not that the boast of heraldry is confined in these democratic days only to Highland families. As we wear onwards to egalitarianism, illustrious ancestry seems to grow more and more important, and an assured demand (combined with ever-growing costs of production) justifies the price of the new *Debrett* at 12 instead of 10 guineas, as last year. I suppose the volume is bulkier also. A Tory Government is conservative (i.e., liberal) in recommendations for titles of all sorts. What a mercy that the producers of peerages and suchlike Bibles have got their work done before the complications of a printers' dispute. For peerages must certainly be listed with railway tickets, bus tickets, score cards, prospectuses, and whatnot as necessities of life. My experience of social life, as a journalist and a reader of journals, if it does not suggest that more and more of us are "perfect gentlemen" to-day, does suggest that we need documentary proof that we are so. How different when Adam delved and Eve span. As Mat of the Mint sang to his Highwaymen in the *Beggar's Opera*:

"To your arms, brave boys . . .
And turn your lead to gold."

Notable Ladies Londonderry—There have been many remarkable Ladies Londonderry, about whom many books, memoirs and articles have been written. There was Frances Anne, heiress of Sir H. Vane-Tempest, the second wife of the 3rd Marquis. An interesting book about her was published last year. And the pages of Creevey are full of her eccentricities. She certainly had a head for business and was in the dictator line. Then there was the wife of the 6th Marquis, whose political influence in Edwardian days was regarded as unprecedented for a woman. The late Lady Londonderry, wife of the 7th Marquis, was the daughter of Henry, 1st Viscount Chaplin, of racing and hunting fame; and she, too, was a great political hostess, and, like her father, a great figure in the hunting-field. She was interested in all sorts of projects and, like her predecessor, Frances Anne, used the unforgiving minute to full capacity and wrote a number of books, usually with help from others. It was she who was author of *Frances Anne* and also of *Henry Chaplin; A Memoir*. This last painted a memorable picture of the "great days" (or "bad, old days") which may be compared with Willoughby de Broke's *Passing Years*, nostalgic, racy, a record of one of the "last of the Barons." Perhaps the share in its success contributed by gentle Miss Rose Bradley was not fully acknowledged in 1926.

A Sense of Proportion—It was unfortunate for race-lovers that an accident on the flat involving the destruction of a racehorse should have followed so closely on the casualties of the Grand National which have resulted in consultations between the Home Secretary and the Stewards, as a result of public and Parliamentary pressure. The City and Suburban incident will be new fuel for the interests opposed to racing. We have not yet reached the stage when racing on the flat, or even steeplechasing, is lumped by the fanatics among blood-sports, but we are getting nearer to it. I am not a partisan. I would not go 10 miles on a fine day to watch a flat race, even a classic. I am as indifferent to horse-racing as to party political broadcasts. But I deplore the tendency of so many of the "anti" fanatics to lose all sense of proportion, and too often of humour, in their often admirable aspirations and campaigns, because the absence of those vital senses weakens the effect of their pressure, and too often brings on them the charge of being busybodies and cranks. Before they condemn racing as a cruel blood sport, they should attend a farmer's go-as-you-please deer shoot, or in a larger way turn their attention to some of the less-advertised examples of the inhumanity which human beings even to-day inflict on their own kind.

What's Wrong With the Rates?—This question was posed, and in part answered, by a professor of London University in last week's issue of a Sunday newspaper. I could list a lot of things wrong with the rates, and endorse many of his own items. For one thing, they are too high. If it come to that, one might ask: What 's wrong with Sunday newspapers? Some of them are too trivial, some too bulky, some are printed on newsprint too flimsy for filling in cross-word puzzles without perforation. Now, if we accepted it that those who run a business know better than outsiders how to run it profitably, there would be in our view no occasion for 40-page Sunday newspapers, which I cannot find my way about. After all, newspapers are largely filled by outside criticisms of the way governments, local authorities and business chiefs run their affairs, of how authors do their stuff, and of how criminals evade the law and how the police try to cope with crime. If we took the easy way and accepted it that all these people knew best how to run their affairs, an austere two-page news-sheet would adequately carry the day's straight news. So we refuse to accept it that "father knows best," and we outsiders criticise everybody, and every institution, all day long. Indeed, only we ourselves as individuals, and the opinions we hold, are above criticism. Hence these unwieldy newspapers. But I think that even if our newspapers were relegated to four in lieu of forty pages, space would have to be found for criticising rates and taxes. What 's wrong with them? Everything. The people who impose them know better than outsiders how to run *that* business profitably. There 's the rub.

"Let Us Pray"—An eccentric son of George III was wont to make audible comments when he attended church, and once when the vicar called "Let us pray," H.R.H. loudly and heartily replied: "By all means." When the vicar of a Camberwell church called for prayers for Terry Dene, who has returned to his rock-'n'-roll stage, the congregation no doubt heartily responded. Dene was at one time a fellow parishioner. "By all means" let vicars and congregations pray for all and sundry. We regularly pray for a right judgment for our statesmen and all put in authority over us and all on whom our welfare depends, and we pray for the sick, if they are very sick, in our parish. There is, of course, a limit to the range of extempore prayer at Matins, and always the difficulty is one of selection and rejection. Terry Dene was clearly unfit for service in the armed forces but seems to be fit enough for rock-'n'-roll, and if he does not yet again fill his halls to capacity, he still has his ardent admirers and will no doubt quadruple them. For one of the puzzles and problems of our age lies in the sharp division of opinion among us as to what are and what are not the *things that matter* in national life and citizenship. In blood and in basic beliefs we are further than ever we were from being one nation and homogeneous. We are two (or more) nations, as in Disraeli's days, and for different reasons. A sense of proportion is as hard to attain as a sense of humour, often enough.

THE OLD STAGER

MAY DAY CELEBRATIONS

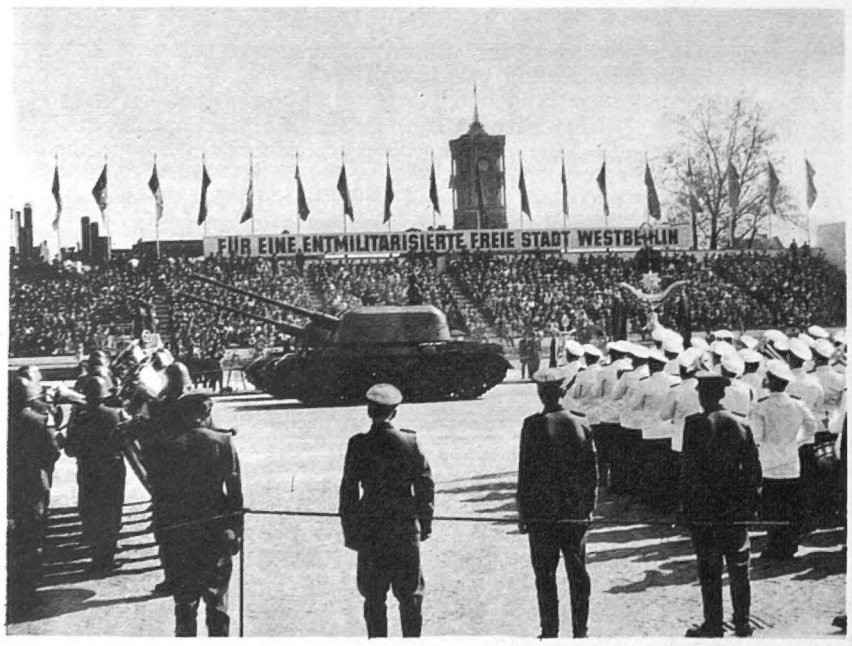
Demonstrations in the Various Capitals; Rival Rallies in Berlin

MAY DAY IN RED SQUARE: Carrying flags, banners, slogans and paper flowers, citizens of Moscow stream across Red Square in the traditional May Day celebration. The parade was watched by Mr. Khrushchev, President Voroshilov, Mr. Mikoyan and by other Russian leaders, from Lenin's Tomb. The only speaker was, traditionally, the Defence Minister, Marshal Malinovsky, who spoke for ten minutes. The parade began with a short military show of strength, composed of goose-stepping Army units and a display of rocket launchers. Then followed a massive civilian demonstration in which some 750,000 people participated. They were headed by a line of trucks bearing the slogan, "Communism will triumph." There were many peace slogans and the emphasis was on peaceful labour to usher in a period of Communism. The crowd filed sixty abreast past the Lenin mausoleum for nearly three hours, applauding Mr. Khrushchev at the saluting-base. There were mass demonstrations in many other Communist capitals to celebrate May Day. In Peking more than 500,000 people marched past Mao Tse-tung and other Chinese leaders shouting "Oppose the rebellion in Tibet instigated by the imperialists and foreign reactionaries!" and "No meddling in our internal affairs." The Panchen Lama stood with the Chinese leaders as the parade filed past. In Warsaw there were 100,000 people in a parade led by girls skipping. It was a happy informal occasion. The Budapest parade was 500,000 strong. Portraits of foreign Communist leaders were on display.

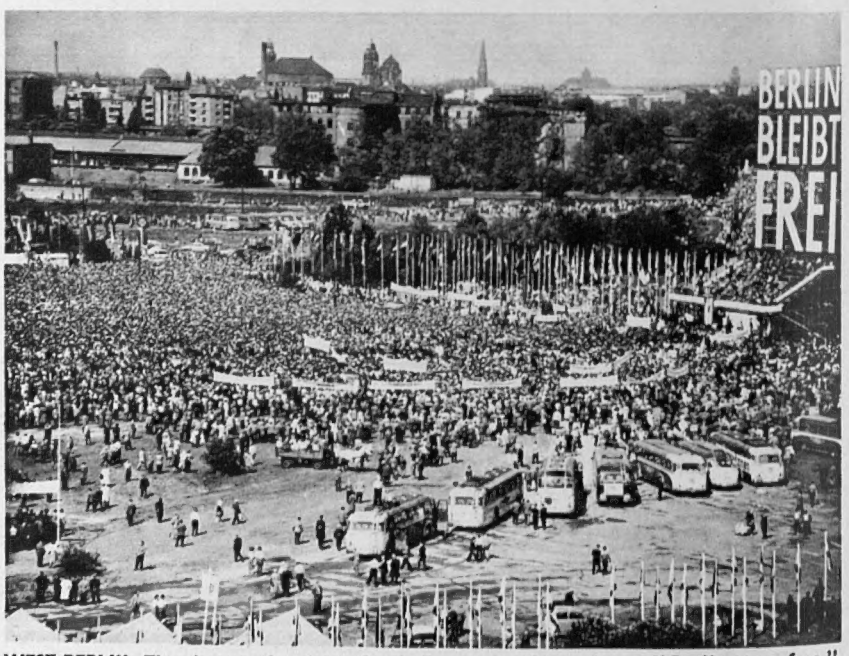
A PROCESSION IN LONDON: Mr. Gaitskell stands with his younger daughter, Cressida, at the head of the May Day procession last Sunday. Over 12,000 people marched from the Victoria Embankment to Hyde Park.

AT THE ELYSEE PALACE: Madame de Gaulle is presented with a basket of lilies of the valley by porters in Paris. The President stands beside the "Queens of the May."

RAIN IN ROME: Communist demonstrators run for shelter in the Piazza del Popolo during the May Day rally. Posters read "Peace" and "Freedom of the Workers." A fairly small crowd attended the rally and there was no trouble.



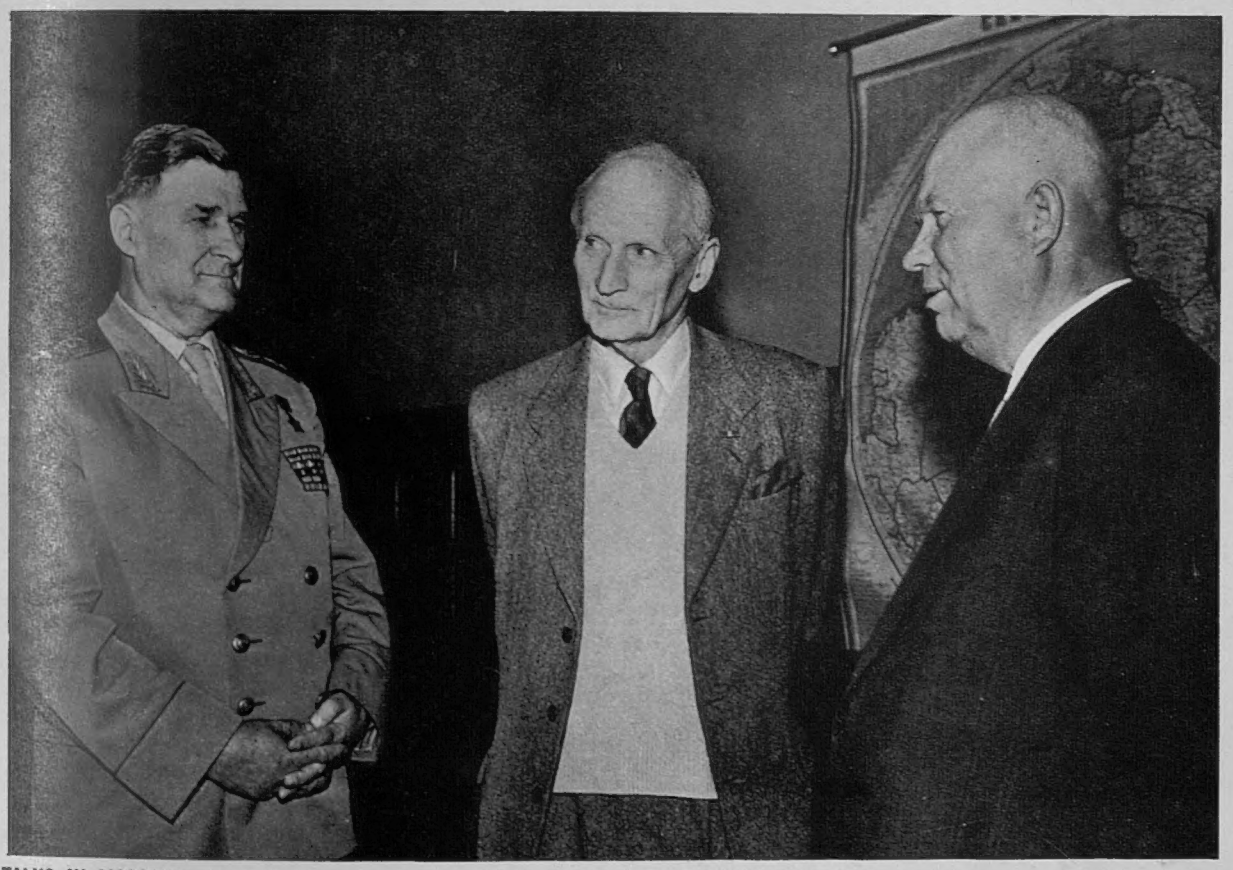
EAST BERLIN: Beneath a slogan reading "For a demilitarised free city of West Berlin" East German anti-aircraft self-propelled guns move past the grandstand in the Marx-Engels Platz. They were part of a huge show of strength in East Berlin.



WEST BERLIN: The sign on the right above the speakers' stand says "Berlin stays free." Gathered in front of the stand is part of the crowd of 550,000 near the Brandenburg Gate and the Reichstag. The East Berlin rally was held at the same time.

IN THE KREMLIN: Facing each other are Mr. Khrushchev and Field Marshal Lord Montgomery. Next to the Soviet leader is Marshal Sokolovsky, the Chief of Staff of the Soviet Armed Forces, and an interpreter.

AT the end of his private visit to Moscow, Field Marshal Lord Montgomery disclosed that he had a friendly verbal message from Mr. Khrushchev to give to Mr. Macmillan. He refused at the time to say what it was or to reveal what had passed between him and the Soviet leader during their talks. The meetings took place on two successive days, and observers in Moscow regarded the length of time Mr. Khrushchev spent with a private visitor as "unprecedented." According to the Field Marshal, the conversations were "very interesting, very frank, very friendly." But Lord Montgomery remained, despite persistent questioning at Press conferences in Moscow and at London Airport on his return, enigmatic on any possible outcome of his visit. He thought, however, that conflict over Berlin could be avoided. At the same time, he offered his sincere apologies about remarks he had made in a recent television programme concerning the health of President Eisenhower, Mr. Dulles and Mr. Herter.



TALKS IN MOSCOW: Lord Montgomery stands with Marshal Sokolovsky (left) and Mr. Khrushchev in the Kremlin. The Field Marshal said the meeting was conducted in an "excellent" atmosphere and "covered everything."

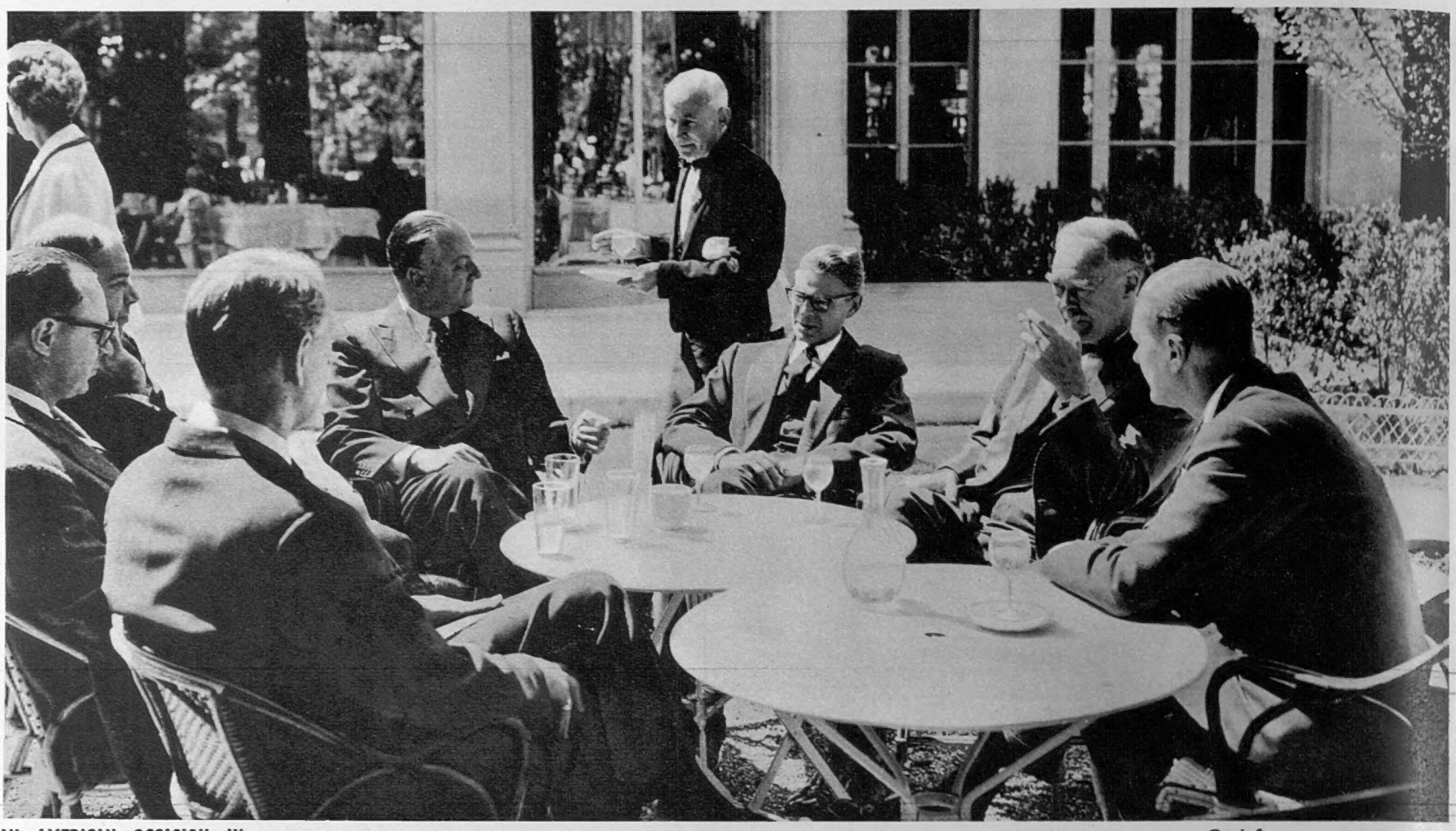
MONTGOMERY IN MOSCOW

Long Talks with Mr. Khrushchev

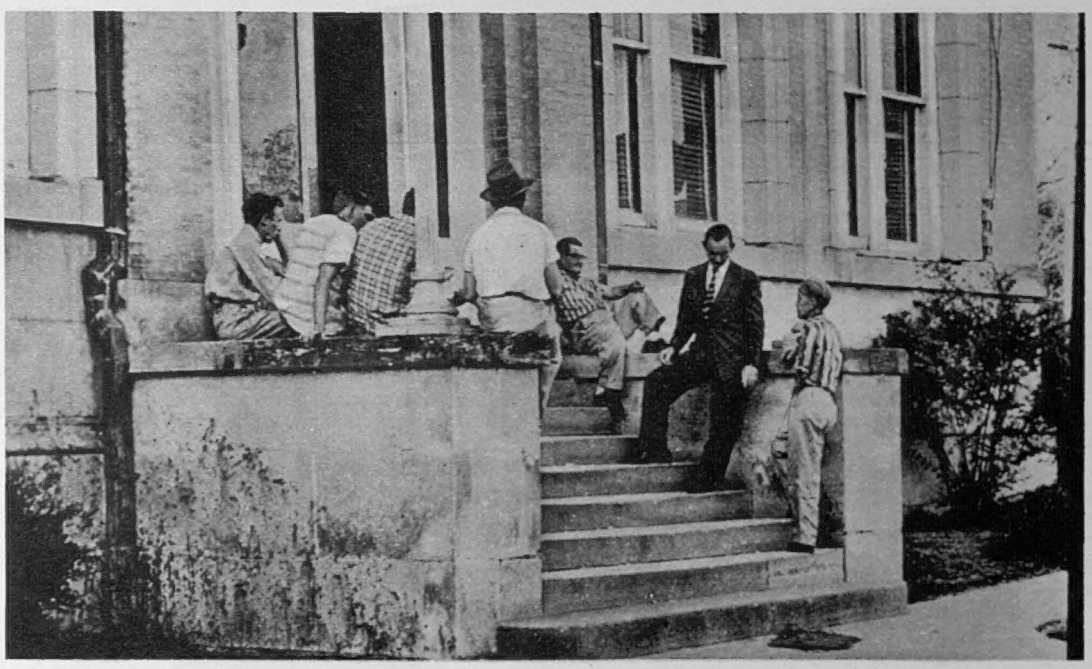
TOURING THE RUSSIAN CAPITAL: Lord Montgomery examines a model boat in a children's department store, crowded with people buying presents before the May 1 holiday. He was also shown new building sites in the capital.

IN THE SOVIET ARMY OFFICERS' CLUB: From left are an interpreter, Lord Montgomery, Marshal Sokolovsky, and Marshal Malinovsky, Minister of Defence. Also present were General Antonov, Chief of Staff Warsaw Pact, and Major-General Sokolov, of the Defence Ministry.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES



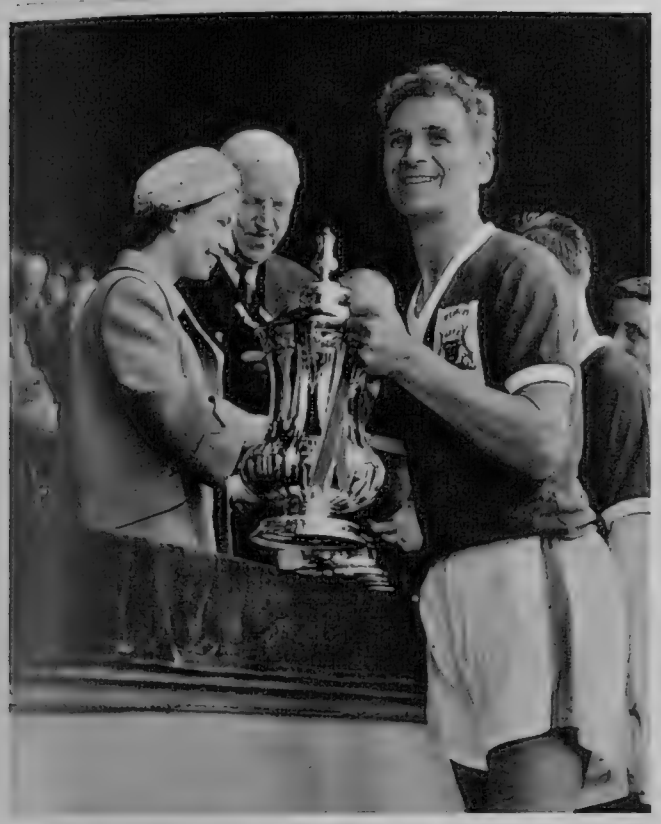
AN AMERICAN OCCASION IN PARIS: Sitting outside a restaurant before lunching together are Mr. Christian Herter (second from right), the United States Secretary of State, General Norstad (centre, wearing spectacles), Supreme Commander, Allied Forces, Europe, and Mr. Amory Houghton (on General Norstad's right), the United States Ambassador to France. The picture was taken during the Western Foreign Ministers' conference in the French capital last week. After two days of deliberations, the Ministers announced complete agreement on the policy they proposed to follow in the conference with Mr. Gromyko, due to start in Geneva next Monday (May 11), to make preparations for the Summit Conference. Views on the Summit were also expressed last week by Mr. Hammarskjold in Copenhagen. He discussed the possibilities of holding the meeting within the framework of the United Nations.



On left—
THE LYNCHING AT POPLARVILLE: Inhabitants of the town in Mississippi State talk with agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation outside the courthouse. The facts, as reported, appear to be as follows: a twenty-three-year-old Negro lorry-driver named Mack Charles Parker was being held in the gaol at Poplarville to face charges of raping a white woman. Three days before he was due to go on trial, a masked, hooded gang broke into his cell, which seems not to have been guarded at that particular time, and abducted him. He was bludgeoned and dragged away, bleeding and screaming. One of the other prisoners claimed that he saw the kidnappers' skins were white. An eye-witness outside the prison said that Parker was bundled into a lorry. A force of law enforcement officers at once began a search in the neighbourhood. Up to last Monday no trace had been found of Parker.

SURRENDER IN PANAMA: Held in custody in Panama City is one of the men (centre) captured in the jungle at Nombre de Dios after the " invasion " attempt. On the left is the Police Chief of Panama, Señor Alejandro Remon. *Right*—Members of the Organisation of American States board a helicopter en route for Nombre de Dios. Later members of the invasion force surrendered unconditionally, reportedly after an appeal from Dr. Fidel Castro, the Cuban Premier. Most of the invaders were stated to have come from Cuba. Immediately after the landing of the small group of eighty-seven, Panama mobilised the 2,000 men of its National Guard, and the Organisation of American States sent an investigation committee and sanctioned the use of U.S. arms. The O.A.S. also authorised an international naval patrol off Panama to halt vessels bringing new invading forces. Meanwhile, the Brazilian Ambassador in Panama City was reported to have asked for the early approval of safe conduct to Brazil of Dr. Roberto Arias, husband of Dame Margot Fonteyn.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

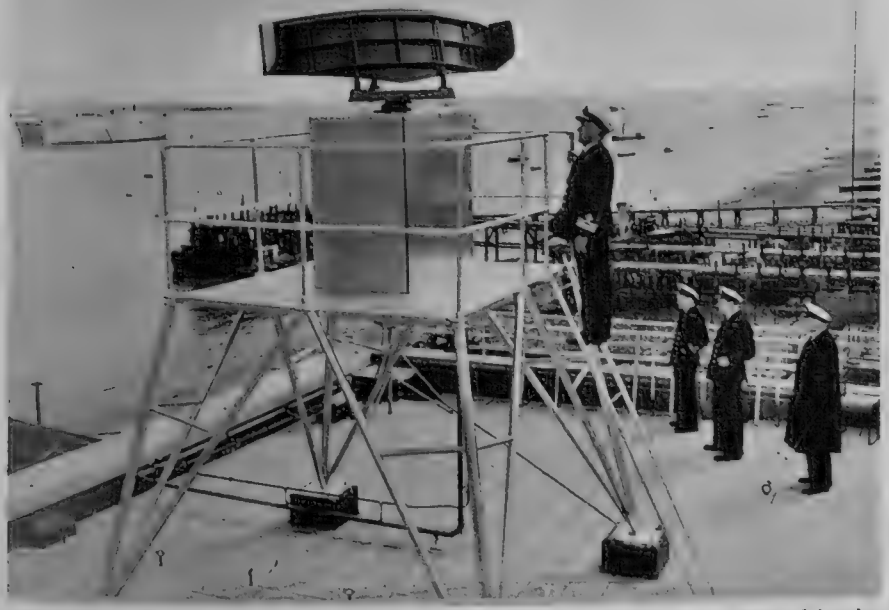


THE CUP FINAL: J. Burkitt, the Captain of Nottingham Forest, turns to show the Football Association Cup to the vast crowd at Wembley, just after having been presented with it by the Queen. Nottingham Forest beat Luton Town 2—1, despite being reduced to ten men for the last hour of play. It was the first time a depleted side had won at Wembley. They were two goals up within a quarter of an hour, but then one of their forwards was injured in a collision.

On right—
SIR THOMAS BEECHAM'S EIGHTIETH BIRTHDAY: The world-famous conductor (left) is the guest of honour at a luncheon given by the Orchestral Employers' Association at the Dorchester Hotel in London. Seated next to him is Mr. David Webster, the Chairman of the Association and the General Administrator of the Royal Opera House.

THE PRINCE AT THE POLO MATCH: Prince Charles, wearing Wellington boots as protection against the extremely muddy conditions, walks through the crowd in Windsor Great Park. He went with the Queen and Princess Anne to watch Prince Philip play in an invitation match.

On left—
THE KENYA MINISTER FOR AGRICULTURE: Mr. Michael Blundell arrives at London Airport to start an extensive programme of public speaking in England and Scotland. He is due to retire from his post as Minister of Agriculture soon. A member of the New Kenya Group, he attended a stormy meeting in Nairobi before leaving for Britain. Critics of the Group's policy said it would lead to a reversion to conditions prevailing before any Europeans arrived.



GUIDING SHIPPING INTO THE PORT OF LONDON: On the roof of the new Port of London Authority's Thames Navigation Service's Operations Room at Gravesend, Captain S. J. Flinn inspects the revolving radar scanner. For the first time ships entering the river enjoy something like the facilities offered at a modern airport. At the new £75,000 information room are radar, a fog detector, and a tide-measurer. Nearby are a host of reporting craft. Masters of vessels can call up the control officer to obtain all information they want. In addition, the officer passes on information to the dock-master, and to the shipping line about where the ship is to berth.

SIR ANTHONY EDEN UNVEILS THE 1939-1945 WAR MEMORIAL TO HIS OLD REGIMENT: He performed the ceremony in the drill hall of the headquarters of the Queen's Westminster Regiment (T.A.), in Westminster. Dr. Don, the Dean of Westminster and Honorary Chaplain to the Regiment, is on the right. The memorial to the dead of the last war of the Queen's Westminsters and the Civil Service Rifles takes the form of plaques below the memorial for the First World War. Sir Anthony joined the Queen's Westminsters as an officer in 1915. He is now Honorary Colonel of the Regiment.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE NEW SESSION OF THE FRENCH NATIONAL ASSEMBLY: M. Debré, the Prime Minister, speaks at the opening. In the front row of the ministerial benches M. Soustelle, Minister-delegate to the Prime Minister's office, stands third from the foreground. Beyond him are: M. Jacquinot, Minister of State (Scientific Research); M. Couve de Murville, Foreign Minister, and M. Lecourt, Minister of State (Relations with the French Community). The Prime Minister was followed by M. Couve de Murville, who outlined in some detail French policy regarding Germany and the Summit. He declared that the West must stand on its rights in Berlin and German reunification must only be considered on the basis of free elections in both the Germanys.

On right—

FURORE IN THE U.S.: Mrs. Clare Boothe Luce, nominated as the American Ambassador to Brazil, arrives at her New York home with her husband, Editor-in-chief of the *Time-Life-Fortune* magazines. Although her appointment was confirmed by the U.S. Senate, she later resigned the post. Her letter referred to personal attacks made on her in the Senate. There had been much barbed criticism by some Senators caused by an "ill-advised remark" made by Mrs. Luce.

DIRECT DEMOCRACY IN SWITZERLAND: A vast concourse of men is gathered at Hundwil for the annual Landsgemeinde, or Legislative Assembly, of the Ausser Rhoden district of the Canton of Appenzell. Attendance of all males over the age of twenty is compulsory at this traditional open-air moot for the election of government officials and the transaction of local affairs. Some 9,000 were present at the Assembly last month. In Inner Rhoden, the other district of the Canton, direct Democracy through a yearly Landsgemeinde also survives.

On left—

FIRST BRITISH SCIENTIFIC ATTACHE TO MOSCOW: Mr. David Senior, on his return from a three-week exploratory visit to Moscow, addresses a Press conference at Africa House, in London. His appointment, announced some time ago, is to facilitate the flow of civilian scientific information between Britain and the U.S.S.R. in both directions.

THE SIGNATURE OF A FISHING PACT BETWEEN BRITAIN AND DENMARK: At the table in Copenhagen Sir Roderick Barclay, the British Ambassador to Denmark, sits on the left and Hr. Krag, the Danish Foreign Minister, on the right. They had just signed a temporary agreement concerning fishing rights in Faroese waters. The pact had also been approved by the Faroese Government. Two zones, each six miles wide, are demarcated round the Faroes. In the first, immediately off the coast, only Danish and Faroese vessels may fish. The second, between six and twelve miles offshore, may be used also by British trawlers, except for certain limited areas.

DISCUSSIONS ON WHALING IN OSLO: From the left are Mr. Takesji Mijata; Mr. Shigeo Takeda; Hr. Frithjof Bettum and Mr. Kota Hoketsu. They are some of the Japanese and Norwegian representatives who met British representatives of whaling interests in the capital of Norway at the end of last month. The conference was concerned with whaling in the Antarctic. It was reported to have ended without any positive conclusion being reached on the question of the distribution of quotas of whales to be caught by each interested party. However, the talks between the whaling firms are to be continued.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

THE HEAD OF STATE OF JAMMU AND KASHMIR IN MOSCOW: From the left are: Mr. V. I. Likhachev, Chief of the South-East Asian Department of the Soviet Ministry of Foreign Affairs; Yuvraj Karan Singh, Sadar-i-Riyasat (Head of State) of Jammu and Kashmir; Mr. F. R. Kozlov, a Deputy Prime Minister of the Soviet Union; Mr. K. P. S. Menon, Indian Ambassador in Moscow, and Mr. G. M. Pushkin, Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister. The Sadar-i-Riyasat had arrived in the Soviet capital as the guest of the Russian Government. He is now in his second term of office as the Head of State.

THE NEW PRESIDENT OF CHINA: Liu Shao-chi is seen in Pekin with Mao Tse-tung, whom he succeeds as Chairman of the Central People's Government Council and President of the Chinese Republic. He was elected to office by the National People's Congress last week. Among the 1,156 deputies, only one vote was cast against his election. The dissentient is believed to have been Liu Shao-chi himself, acting in a spirit of modesty. The new Chairman has for a long time been regarded as second-in-command to Mao Tse-tung in the Chinese Communist Party, of which Mao remains the leader. Two new vice-chairmen of the Council were elected by the Congress. They are Tung Pi-wu, another close associate of Mao, and Madame Soong Ching-ling, the widow of Sun Yat-sen, founder of the Chinese Republic. The general view of these new appointments is that effective power in China is still in the hands of Mao.

A ROYAL PARTY AT THE HAYMARKET THEATRE, IN LONDON: King Hussein of Jordan, and his younger brother Prince Hassan, stand between the Duchess of Kent and Princess Alexandra in the foyer of the theatre. The party saw the new comedy *The Pleasure of His Company*.

On left—

KING HUSSEIN LEAVES FOR AMMAN: Accompanied by his brother Prince Hassan and officials from the Foreign Office and the Jordanian Embassy, the Jordanian King walks across the tarmac at London Airport. He was returning home after a private ten-day visit to the United Kingdom. Previously he had been in the United States. Prince Hassan, who is at a preparatory school in England, remained behind.

VISITORS FROM EAST GERMANY IN COLOMBO: Mr. Bandaranaike, the Prime Minister of Ceylon (sitting at head of table), throws back his head in laughter as he jokes with members of an East German Parliamentary delegation. The East Germans, led by Dr. Dickmann, the President of the People's Assembly, were invited to visit Ceylon by the Government.

AN EAST-WEST CONVERSATION IN WARSAW: Mr. Jacob Bream (left), the American Ambassador to Poland, listens to Mr. Gromyko (second from right) at a reception given by the Polish Prime Minister, Mr. Cyrankiewicz. Western diplomatists had been invited to meet the Foreign Ministers and other delegates attending the meeting of the Warsaw Pact countries in the Polish capital. At the conference last week China was also represented. After two days of deliberations a communiqué announced there was unanimity of views on the policy to be followed by Russia in the negotiations towards a Summit meeting on the German question.

World Affairs

THROUGH THE FOG OF WORDS

By JOHN CONNELL

THERE was much to be said, in my view, for the use of French as the language of international diplomacy. It is an elegant and urbane language; but its greatest virtue is its precision. Its replacement nowadays by English and Russian, and by flurried translations from one to the other—and the translations ordinarily accomplished by people of Central European background and culture, to whom neither is a mother-tongue—does not seem to me to have assisted international understanding. The processes of contemporary diplomatic negotiation are further complicated by the fact that we and the Americans persist in believing, in flagrant contradiction of all the evidence, that we have a common language; more than one major crisis, I am sure, has been precipitated by our profoundly different usage of the same words, and all are embittered and confused by it. The Russians, I have noticed, are now raising their own school of diplomatic interpreters, who are fluent and self-confident, but appear to employ near-English usage with a near-American inflexion.

These melancholy and—I hope—far from frivolous reflections have been prompted by the attempt, over a good many weeks, to get to grips with East-West relations on two major matters: nuclear disarmament and the future of Germany. I am appalled to remember how many reports, commentaries and *aides-mémoires* I have floundered dismally through, unable to see the sense for the thick, woolly fog of words.

THE MEETING OF THE WESTERN FOREIGN MINISTERS IN PARIS: From left are Herr von Brentano, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd, Mr. Christian Herter and M. Couve de Murville. At the meeting last week Mr. Herter was making his first appearance as American Secretary of State in international discussions. The Ministers agreed on Western policy for the pre-Summit conference to be held between them and the Soviet Foreign Minister in Geneva next week.

The first editor for whom I worked had a theory, to which he attached the utmost authority, that if you could not in a leading article of some 600 to 800 words produce a précis of a major political speech or a White Paper, and add a paragraph or two of pithy and apt comment, either you were incompetent or the speech or document was nonsense. When we wallowed through close-packed columns of Hitler's drearier Nuremberg orations—this was, as you may have gathered, in the '30's—he was fair-minded enough to admit that there was validity in the second alternative. He admitted it, too, in the proceedings of the Disarmament Conference, when, as I recall, heated discussions used to focus, for days at a time, on who should have four and a half cruisers against his ambitious neighbour's three and a half.

It was easy enough to make fun of this kind of palaver—a famous ballet company did it superbly with a piece called *The Green Table*—but, since many a good lad lies dead, peoples have gone to slavery and cities tumbled to ruins because it was all nonsense and waste of breath and paper, it is not difficult nowadays to see the vanity and the pity of it all. I do not under-estimate the value of what Sir Winston Churchill immortally described as "jaw-jaw"; and I realise that the past few months of jaw-jaw have tested to the utmost the British Prime Minister and Foreign Secretary's resources of patience, tolerance, forbearance and farsightedness. I only pray with all my heart that all this effort—the journeyings, the speeches, the private conversations, the public interviews on television—will not prove to have been wasted. And I wish that it had been possible for two men who both, by training and by temperament, think logically and precisely, to impose the pattern of their own minds on the negotiations in which they have been taking part.

For rays of clarity have been few and far between; but at every appearance they have been very welcome. There was, for example, Mr. Selwyn Lloyd's exposition in the Commons' debate, just before he went off to Paris last week, of this country's three aims for the East-West Foreign Ministers' Conference: some progress towards the reunification of Germany on acceptable terms; a reaffirmation of the right of the people of West Berlin to choose their own system of society, and the acceptance of the need for satisfactory arrangements for free access to West Berlin; and a reduction of tension and the strengthening of stability in Europe.

Nothing could be more lucidly enunciated. But when in the same speech Mr. Lloyd dealt with the problem of the inspection of suspected nuclear tests—not, I freely admit, among the more easily comprehensible of contemporary topics—he plunged deep in the bog of technico-diplomatic jargon. Who inspects what, and when, and by whose permission, and how? On these questions I have a bleak suspicion that Mr. Khrushchev is running rings round both ourselves and the Americans.

Either he or some very senior official in the Soviet Foreign Ministry has an adroit—not to say cynical and mischievous—capacity to exploit the possibilities of the English language, both as we speak it and as the Americans speak it. To chuck into the second paragraph of his letter to the Prime Minister of the United Kingdom (Eton and Balliol, and the publisher of the works, amongst others, of the late Charles Morgan), the phrase "right now" is the greatest fun; and nobody, I fancy, appreciates it more than Mr. Macmillan. But it was in the final paragraph of his simultaneous epistle to President Eisenhower that Mr. Khrushchev displayed at its highest his astonishing Humpty-Dumpty capacity for making words mean just what he wants them to mean, combined with a ferocious Swiftian wit:

"We shall bend every effort towards achieving an agreement to end nuclear tests, and you may rest assured that if we sign a document we shall punctually abide by the pledges we shall have assumed, even if there is no control, because it is public opinion, the opinion of the peoples, that the Soviet Union values most of all."

To a Hungarian, a Latvian or an Esthonian there may be rather more mordancy about this particular flourish of wit than it is altogether easy to take; but it demonstrates its author's characteristic capacity of combining the roles of Falstaff and Tartuffe to a remarkable degree.

In the swirl of verbiage which has surrounded all these protracted preliminaries to the Summit Conference it was therefore an especially welcome consolation to read an accurate and extremely prescient analysis of them made, on the eve of the Western Foreign Ministers' meeting, by M. Couve de Murville. Despite all recent difficulties and disagreements between Britain and France (which are inevitable, in my view, if France is to reassert her own moral as well as diplomatic authority and influence in the world, and as healthy as inevitable), I can still rejoice in the French talent for seeing a complicated and clouded issue clearly and sensibly.

During last week M. Couve de Murville addressed the opening meeting of the new National Assembly in Paris. "Nothing," he said, "should allow the West to expect a satisfactory agreement to emerge from a Summit Conference. We must calmly await every possibility, including that of a collapse of negotiations. We must expect that such developments as are achieved will be long and difficult. Months of hard negotiations lie ahead of us, and I do not believe that the conference of Foreign Ministers will lead to a conclusion."

The sword of his logic and common sense cut even deeper swaths through the cotton-wool of imprecision, false optimism and vague aspiration. It was salutary to point out that in all the months that have passed since the Russians first raised the linked questions of the status of Berlin and the reunification of Germany, they have not, in fact, made a single major concession, and that their position is still as tragically distant as it ever was from any conception which we in the West have of a peaceful and lasting solution of the German problem. This is true and important. The French language, after all, is only the expression of the French mind; and a statement such as this, unencumbered with shades of various meaning and not susceptible to equivocal interpretation, has a refreshing virtue of its own.

Next week the cohorts of politicians, advisers, experts, spokesmen and commentators descend upon Geneva. It is awe-inspiring to think of the prodigies of word-spinning which are destined to be performed. There is a sombre irony, too, to be extracted from the recollection of previous assemblages, for similarly important purposes, in the same city. How many embarrassed (and embarrassing) phantoms flit along those solid but elegant thoroughfares, or sit on the hotel terraces staring at the placid blue-green waters of the lake and the distant mountains? Every visit to Geneva, on a mission of this sort, is suffused with memory, some of it agreeably nostalgic, some of it forlorn and profitless.

Have we, in fact, learned much from our mistakes and our sufferings? The great company of ghostly witnesses attending us cannot, alas, help us to answer that question. They failed; and just twenty years ago they made their grim rendezvous with the results of their failure. They did not fail for lack of noble intention, of idealism, of what is still called "the will to peace." They failed through lack of courage and through lack of precision. They were timid and muddled.

I think there is this to be said in defence of the majority of our contemporary statesmen, and of the long and complex series of negotiations on which they have embarked: in face of threats really far more fearful than any that were mouthed by the power-lusting dictators of the '30's, they show none of the signs of fright which were so apparent, so morally corrosive to themselves and so nauseating to watch, in their hapless predecessors. Courage, in our leaders and (in general) in ourselves, we in the West have to a large degree recovered and have maintained, when the temptations to slip back into cowardice and cowardice's inevitable consequence, appeasement, have been strong and persistent. We should not underrate this development in ourselves and in our elected leaders—nor, I may say, should they underrate it in us.

But have we and they really come very near attaining the precision of thought which is necessary, or is there still a deal too much muddled thinking, too great a tendency—too seldom resisted—to substitute a flood of jargon, interspersed with inaccurate and not particularly vivid metaphor, for the sheer hard cerebration which is required in face of all the major issues of international relations to-day?

BUSH-CLEARING IN NORTHERN RHODESIA: The steel balls, 8 ft. in diameter, and weighing eleven tons, are linked together and to the two bulldozers by battleship anchor chains. The bulldozers drag the balls through the undergrowth. More than 100,000 acres of bushland are being cleared along the banks of the Zambezi River as part of the Kariba Gorge hydro-electric scheme. When the lake is filled the area cleared will be used to make fishing grounds and harbours.

A TREE IS UPROOTED: The chain tightens as the steel ball pulls down a tree in its path. *On right*—Dust and dirt fly and another tree has been toppled. Very little can withstand the onslaught of the special ball and chain method of clearing.

BALLS AND CHAINS

Clearing Bush for the Kariba Lake, in Northern Rhodesia

SPECIAL TREATMENT: A fibrous baobab tree is tackled individually by a bulldozer using a special attachment called a "stinger" above its normal blade. The tree cannot be cleared by the ball and chain method. The "stinger" is pushed at an angle into the stringy trunk, uproots the tree and the 320-h.p. bulldozer does the rest.

MACHINES IN THE JUNGLE: One of the bulldozers pushes its way relentlessly through the bush. About 50 acres an hour can be cleared by the two bulldozers and their three balls. The equipment, which is specially made for the task, is followed by scavenging storks preying on rats and snakes made homeless during the clearance work.

As the waters rise on part of the newly-created lake at Kariba, work is being rapidly carried out in clearing a huge area of bush on the banks of the Zambezi River which will form the bed of the remainder of the lake. The object is to form unobstructed fishing grounds and harbours. More than 100,000 acres of bush, with strong, thick undergrowth and huge trees, are being levelled and about £1,000,000 is being spent on the north bank of the river alone. The nature of the work calls for special equipment. Two 320-h.p. bulldozers, each costing £18,000, and three steel spheres are used. The balls, which each weigh eleven tons and are made in Johannesburg, are joined to the bulldozers and to each other by great chains, of the type used to anchor battleships. Costing £2,500 each, the steel balls are honeycombed inside for extra strength. The bulldozers drag the balls through the bush and very little withstands the combined onslaught. Progress is rapid, 50 acres being cleared in an hour.

This is just one aspect of the huge Kariba Gorge hydro-electric scheme, which started two years ago and is now in its final stages. The major part of the work was the building of the dam across the gorge near the confluence of the Zambezi and Sanyati Rivers. The dam, now completed, rises 400 ft. from the floor of the gorge and is 1,800 ft. long. The artificial lake made by the damming of the Zambezi is 150 miles long and covers an area of 1,600 sq. miles. The largest in the world, the lake will be used to balance the flow of the Zambezi throughout the seasons, so that an even output of power can be achieved. Before the work on the dam could begin a tunnel had to be cut to take the waters of the river while construction was in progress.

The Kariba dam offers the cheapest source of power for the Central African Federation of Rhodesia and Nyasaland, whose resources of coal for generating electricity are limited. It also gives great opportunity for expansion. The electric power will allow the Federation to develop its industries of the future on a large scale. It will also help existing industries, especially in the Copperbelt, to expand.

Above—
NEW BUILDINGS IN CHEAPSIDE: The dome of St. Paul's Cathedral dominates the construction in progress along the busy City thoroughfare. The building going up on the left is named "Bow Bells House" (St. Mary-le-Bow, not in the picture, is its neighbour). On the ground floor there will be a complete row of shops, while the upper storeys will be given over to office accommodation. The other building under construction is the new Bank of England office block, scheduled for completion by the end of the year. Costing approximately £5,250,000, the block is for the Bank's administrative staff.

Below—
LONDON'S "TELEVISION CITY": The huge building of the new B.B.C. television headquarters at White City is seen from the L.C.C. gardens. The site of the construction, now in an advanced stage, covers an area of thirteen acres and comprises the biggest television headquarters in Europe. The main block in the background is seven storeys high and is in the form of a ring. It encloses an area about the size of Piccadilly Circus and will have a landscaped garden. There will be seven television studios and several hundred offices. The scenery block is already in use. The cost is estimated at about £9,000,000.

HOUSING TROUBLES IN PIMLICO: Dolphin Square, said to be the largest block of flats in Europe, overlooks the Thames at Millbank. In the foreground is the Embankment, to the left Claverton Street, and to the right the gardens of St. George's Square. In the building are furnished and unfurnished flats, large suites and one-roomed flats. Among the amenities is a private swimming-pool. Recently 500 of the tenants formed themselves into a Tenants' Association after rents had been increased by between £3 and £6 10s. a month. The owners of Dolphin Square stated that the increases were a maintenance charge based on higher costs which the owners have met since 1956.

LONDON HOMES AND OFFICES

Spectacular New Buildings and a Block of Flats

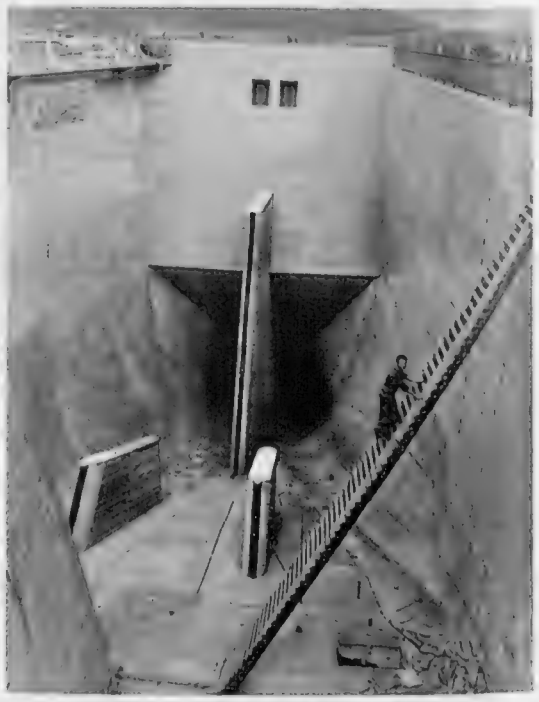
On right—

A NEW COUNCIL ESTATE IN CAMBERWELL: The six-storey block of three-bedroomed dwellings is part of Sceaux Gardens, a housing scheme built on the site of Camberwell House, a former mental home, in the South London borough. Many of the flats are already occupied, while building is still proceeding on other parts of the estate. The whole scheme, which was started in October 1957, comprises two fifteen-storey blocks, three six-storey, one five-storey and two single-storey blocks. The flats have either one, two or three bedrooms. The single-storey blocks are for old people. The development is named after a suburb south of Paris with which Camberwell has had a friendship link for five years. The Mayor of the French Sceaux will open the estate on May 16 at a ceremony which will be attended by other civic dignitaries from the Paris suburb and the French Consul-General in London.

POWER AND WATER

New Projects in France and Germany

HARNESSING A LAKE IN THE SNOWS OF THE PYRENEES: The bastion-like structures are the walls of a dam under construction over 9,000 ft. above sea-level in the French Pyrenees south of Lourdes. When finished, the structure will be 770 ft. long and contain the waters of Lake Migoelu. This is one of many projects being undertaken in various parts of France in the extensive construction programme of the State-owned concern, Electricité de France (E.D.F.), for increasing hydro-electric power. The waters of the Pyrenees are an obvious source of such power and nearly all the main streams in the central areas of the mountain range have been tapped in recent years. The average annual output of electric power from the installation is estimated to be well over 3,500,000,000 kilowatt-hours. Other projects in the E.D.F. programme for Southern France include a vast new power dam at the confluence of the river Durance and the river Verdon north of Marseilles, and the St. Vidian dam, which is being built some 40 miles from Toulouse.



A SAFETY PRECAUTION IN A GIGANTIC WEST GERMAN STRUCTURE: A workman climbs up a ladder from the "security valve" in the enlarged dam which is nearing completion on the artificial Schwammenauel Lake, in the valley of the River Rur, near Aachen. The valve will drain off the water if its level reaches too great a height. *On left*—A road runs across the top of the dam. In the foreground is the security valve. Work has been in progress for the last three years on raising the height of the dam by 32 ft. and the capacity of this huge basin will now be 267,000,000 cub. yards of water. Besides this dam, said to be the largest in Federal Germany, the Rur Valley has eight smaller structures. The whole project provides power and water for the heavily-populated areas around Aachen, on the German-Belgian frontier.

THE GARDENS AT KEW: The Rhododendron Dell is thought to have been devised by "Capability" Brown at the end of the eighteenth century. It is also known as the "Hollow Walk." During the nineteenth century Sir William Hooker began to plant there some of the rhododendrons that his son brought back from the Himalaya, and to-day the Dell is one of the most colourful parts of the famous London Botanical Gardens. On June 2 this year the official celebration of the bicentenary of Kew is being held.

BICENTENARY OF KEW GARDENS

On June 2 the Official Celebration will be Held of the Beginning, Two Hundred Years Ago, of the Famous London Botanical Gardens

Written and Illustrated by V. COVERLEY-PRICE

FOR millions of Londoners a visit to Kew means an opportunity to relax in the pleasant and colourful gardens in the bend of the Thames between Kew and Richmond bridges. Few of those who go there have any other object than to get away from the noise and bustle of the London streets, to bask in the sunshine among flowers, to stroll through the broad avenues and round the lake, and perhaps to cast wondering eyes on the exotic plants in the vast glass-houses. To most visitors Kew is a park for recreation—and the public have enjoyed it as such for a very long time—but its primary functions are scientific.

Like many of the best British institutions, the Royal Botanic Gardens are not the realisation of a planner's dream; they grew from a relatively small beginning, gradually absorbing more land and assuming wider functions as their usefulness became increasingly evident. There was a village on the site in the fifteenth century and its name, Kayhough, underwent a series of modifications until it reached the form "Kew." The first mention of Kew House—also called White House—was in the middle of the seventeenth century, and one of its early owners, Sir Henry Capel, was an enthusiastic horticulturist whose garden was referred to in John Evelyn's Diary. In 1730 the house was leased to Frederick, Prince of Wales, the son of King George II, and he, with the aid of the celebrated architect and landscape gardener Kent, had the grounds laid out anew. From this time until the death of the Duke of Cambridge in 1904 Kew was connected with Royal residences.

When Frederick died in 1751 his consort, Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha, and her son, who was to become King George III, lived at Kew House. In 1759 she engaged William Aiton, who had worked in the Physic Garden at Chelsea, to superintend the Gardens. It was he who, in 1789, published the *Hortus Kewensis*, which is the most important work of reference dealing with the introduction of exotic plants into Great Britain up to that

THE PALM HOUSE: Designed by Decimus Burton, it underwent extensive renovations in recent months. In the foreground is one of the two Chinese marble lions from Bulstrode, Sir John Ramsden's seat at Gerrard's Cross. The lions were imported from China in 1924 and placed in position by the artificial lake in 1958.

date. On his death in 1793 he was succeeded by his son, who served Kew for more than fifty years. In addition to the skill and experience of William Aiton, the Princess had the advice of Lord Bute, and the assistance of Sir William Chambers, the architect of Somerset House, whose ideas for the buildings that he was to erect at Kew were coloured by his experiences as a traveller in the Far East.

With such help, the Princess decided to develop about nine acres of her demesne as a botanical centre and thus the world's most famous botanical garden was born. The work actually began in 1760, the year in which George II died, and by 1772, when Princess Augusta died, it had already become a leading scientific institution. In this year George III, who shared his mother's enthusiasm for Kew, transferred his residence from Richmond Lodge (which was then demolished) to Kew House and eventually bought the freehold.

In the same year Sir Joseph Banks, who had accompanied Captain Cook on his first voyage (1768-71), succeeded Lord Bute as botanical director, and under his leadership Kew became the depot for the interchange of plants with the colonies and a training centre for young gardeners for posts abroad. He sent out the first of the long line of plant collectors and one Kew-trained man accompanied Captain Bligh in the *Bounty*.

Although the Richmond and Kew properties had been brought into one ownership, they were not actually united until 1802, when the ancient bridle-path separating them, that led from Richmond Green to Brentford Ferry and was known as Love Lane, was finally closed. But happily George III, until his mind became seriously affected, took a lively interest in the development of the whole area, and in 1795, after the retirement of the superintendent of the Richmond gardens, both properties were administered by the younger Aiton. On the advice of the landscape gardener Lancelot Brown—nicknamed "Capability" Brown—the character of the Richmond Gardens was drastically changed, not always with general approval. However, Brown, who improved many properties in other parts of the country, is believed to have devised the Rhododendron Dell or "Hollow Walk," which is to-day one of the most striking features of Kew.

In 1802 the King decided to pull down the old Kew House and to build nearby a larger palace having the appearance of a medieval castle, but on account of his mental breakdown this was never finished and its shell was demolished in 1829. The building that is now known as Kew Palace appears to have been built in 1631 by a certain Samuel Fortrey, of Dutch descent, on the site of an older house, and for a long time it was called "Dutch House." Occasionally, members of the Royal Family used it and George III paid his last visit there in 1806. Now it is a museum of period furniture, historical documents and paintings.

(*Continued on following pages*)

THE ARTIFICIAL LAKE IN KEW GARDENS: Extending for some 4½ acres, the lake is supplied from the Thames by an underground culvert. In spring, when the tree blossom is reflected in the water, the lake is one of the chief attractions. Some of the material excavated during the construction of the lake was used to build the raised terrace on which the Temperate House stands. In 1759 Princess Augusta of Saxe-Gotha engaged William Aiton as Superintendent—this was the start of the Botanical Gardens at Kew.

BICENTENARY OF KEW GARDENS

(*Continued from previous page*)

In the first decade of the nineteenth century Kew had attained world-wide renown, but then it began to decline. This was due partly to the withdrawal of Royal interest—the Prince Regent directed his attention to Brighton—and partly to the death in 1820 of Sir Joseph Banks. Perhaps also the development of other sciences detracted from the general interest in botany. For about twenty years after the death of George III in 1820 the fortunes of Kew were at a low ebb.

Fortunately, however, the enthusiasm of a young Scotsman named John Smith, who became chief assistant in the Botanic Garden, kept alive the scientific spirit of the establishment, and during the reigns of both George IV and William IV certain additions were made to the grounds that were to prove of great value later on. At that time the brick walls which enclosed various portions of the grounds still remained and the Botanic Garden continued to be separate from the Pleasure Grounds.

Soon after the accession of Queen Victoria a committee was appointed to inquire into the management of the Gardens and their report led to a revival of interest. Eventually, in 1841, Sir William Hooker, Professor of Botany in Glasgow University, was appointed as the new director, under the control of the Commissioners of Woods and Forests, and John Smith became curator of the Botanic Garden. Sir William Hooker was nearly fifty-six when appointed, but he was a man of great vigour and enthusiasm and, during the next twenty years, he inspired innovations and improvements in nearly every branch of activity at Kew.

Walls were removed, the Pleasure Grounds and Botanic Garden were combined and laid out with walks and avenues so that the public could be admitted in increasing numbers, the great glass-houses, designed by Decimus Burton, were erected, new museums were opened, the ornamental lake was formed, and all the time new plant specimens were being received from every quarter of the world. When Sir William died in 1865 it had become unnecessary to send out collectors, for numerous botanic gardens had been formed in foreign and colonial territories and these were in regular correspondence with Kew. In addition, leading nurserymen gave Kew a share of their consignments from abroad.

Sir William was succeeded by his son, Dr. J. D. Hooker, who, after spending more than three years in Northern India, had introduced into this country specimens of the magnificent rhododendrons from the Himalaya. During his twenty years in office he continued to develop the services of economic botany that his father had encouraged, thereby promoting in oversea territories many important industries, such as those connected with rubber, coffee, quinine, timber, vegetable oils and medicines. Originally the land occupied by the gardens was flat and the soil was poor, but gradually this was improved and Dr. Hooker introduced a better system of supplying the great quantity of clean water that is needed.

THE AQUATIC GARDEN: It has a collection of water lilies, marsh plants and British water plants. Enclosed by hedges of berberis, it is a pleasant retreat for visitors.

He took special interest in the Arboretum, where even the most casual visitor cannot fail to be impressed by the beauty of many of the unfamiliar trees and, during his time, the Jodrell Laboratory was added to the scientific establishment to promote the study of plant life.

There is not space to describe the museums, the Pagoda, the glass-houses, the temples and other structures in the Gardens. Nor is it possible here to refer to all the special areas, such as the Rock Garden, the Queen's Cottage and grounds, the Lily Pond and other fascinating features. But it must be emphasised that, while the Royal Botanic Gardens have become, during the past few years, one of the most lovely and peaceful resorts, they exist primarily to serve scientific ends and their special facilities for research and for the exchange of material with botanical establishments abroad have made them the most famous botanic gardens in the world.

In 1850 their control was transferred to the new Board of Works and Public Buildings, and in 1903 it came under the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries. Kew has had its ups and downs: in August 1879 a great hailstorm wrecked the glass-houses, smashing nearly 40,000 panes of glass weighing about 18 tons.

In the course of my own travels abroad, my thoughts have often been turned to Kew, perhaps by some chance encounter with an amateur botanist or by recognising in its natural surroundings some tree or plant that I had first seen at Kew. When I went to Trinidad many years ago, it was my love of Kew that impelled me to make an early visit to the Royal Botanic Gardens that were established there in 1818 under a Kew-trained botanist named Lockhart. I saw there a Pará rubber-tree (*Hevea brasiliensis*) that had been raised at Kew from seed obtained from Brazil in 1875, and I was reminded how Kew had promoted the rubber industry in the Far East, particularly in the Malay Peninsula. Later I saw trees in Malaya that were derived from the same batch of seeds raised in the Gardens at Kew.

Quinine, the drug that has saved the lives of untold thousands afflicted by malarial fever, was found in Peru and first introduced to India through the medium of Kew. In a branch of the mighty Amazon I saw the immense leaves and flowers of the *Victoria regia* lily that had once astounded me at Kew, where a specimen flowered for the first time in 1850.

Now, when I visit Kew, the sight of certain trees and plants carries me back to the lands where I have seen them growing wild: to Mexico or Japan, to the Amazon or the Zambesi. It must be remembered that in the early days collectors could only send seeds and plants by sailing-ship and, until the scientists at Kew had done their work, the virtues of many plants that are in common use to-day were quite unknown. The whole world is indebted to Kew for its share in many discoveries and, in celebrating the bicentenary of the Royal Botanic Gardens, we should salute not only all those who began and sustained its invaluable services to humanity, but also the present staff, who will carry Kew's traditions into the future.

A VIEW FROM THE AVENUE: In the background is the Palm House, which is over 120 yards long. It is led up to by one of several long, grassy avenues which are lined with a wide variety of trees.

THE QUEEN'S COTTAGE: In this picture the steep roof is covered with a mantle of snow. The cottage stands on an area of woodland handed over to the nation in 1897 by Queen Victoria in commemoration of her Diamond Jubilee. It is not used to-day, but the surrounding woodlands provide a sanctuary for wild birds.

A FAMOUS LANDMARK IN KEW GARDENS: The Pagoda is 163 ft. high. It was erected in 1761 by Sir William Chambers and during the last war withstood the explosions of seven bombs which fell nearby in 1941. Sir William Chambers also designed the Orangery.

ONE OF THE LARGEST GLASS-HOUSES IN THE WORLD: The Temperate House, standing on its terrace built from material from the site of the Artificial Lake, was designed by Decimus Burton, and contains a wide collection of trees and plants. Right is the Australian House, with plants from the arid areas of Australia.

THE LILY POND: It occupies the site of an old gravel pit. During the summer it contains a fine display of hybrid lilies and nearby there can be found a fine specimen of the Swamp Cypress.

(*Further pictures on following page*)

A NEW FLAGPOLE FOR THE BOTANICAL GARDENS: The trunk of a Douglas fir, presented to Kew by the British Columbia Loggers' Association, is seen just after its arrival at the Gardens last year. It is 225 ft. long and weighs some 37 tons. The new flagpole has had three predecessors; the first flagstaff was set up at Kew in 1861 and replaced in 1920.

PART OF THE ATTRACTION OF KEW: The Gardens are full of fine specimens of trees, like this beech, which was sketched during the winter months.

THE AZALEAS: Kew Gardens possess a magnificent collection of these flowers, which are seen at their best during the month of May.

THE TEMPLE OF ÆOLUS: One of several temples in the Gardens, it stands on the wooded mound near the Cumberland Gate. Erected in 1761 by Sir William Chambers, who also designed the Orangery, it was rebuilt in 1845 by Sir William Hooker.

BICENTENARY OF KEW GARDENS

TREES AND BUILDINGS AT KEW: *Left*—The *Ginkgo Biloba*, or Maidenhair Tree, a native of China and Japan, was planted in the 1760's. It is a member of one of the oldest groups of trees in the world and has been called a living fossil. *Right*—The old Orangery stands near the north end of the Broad Walk. For many years it was used as a museum where overseas timbers were kept, but much work has been going on to restore it to its original use in time for the celebrations of the bicentenary of the Royal Gardens on June 2.

FROM TIME IMMEMORIAL

The Courts of Brotherhood and Guestling of the Confederation of the Cinque Ports

Last week, in an unbroken sequence stretching back to the sixteenth century, the Courts of Brotherhood and Guestling of the Confederation of the Cinque Ports, met in session inside the parish church of New Romney. The unflurried ceremonial and traditional costume preserve the link with the days when the Cinque Ports were an influential and wealthy factor in the life of England. The Courts meet to discuss affairs concerning members of the Confederation.

As early as the thirteenth century the Brodhull, which later became the Brotherhood, was meeting at a town, now lost, called Broadhill. It later transferred to New Romney. The Guestling began in the fourteenth century as an informal assembly of Hastings, Winchelsea and Rye, meeting probably at a village called Guestling, near Winchelsea. Its name provided the title of these assemblies. In the Cinque Ports Chest in New Romney Town Hall are preserved the White Book—the minute book of the Brodhull from 1433 to 1571—and the Black Book—the minute book and complete record of the Brodhull and Guestling from 1572 to the present day.

Below—

INSIDE THE CHURCH OF ST. NICHOLAS: Barons of the Cinque Ports, attired in their ancient regalia, are seated in the church at the opening of the Courts.

ANCIENT CEREMONY IN THE CINQUE PORTS: At the assembly of the Courts of Brotherhood and Guestling of the Confederation in the Church of St. Nicholas, at New Romney, in Kent, Captain E. P. Dawes (left), Senior Solicitor to the Court, swears in the Clerk of the Day, Mr. D. Collins (Town Clerk of New Romney). The Courts originated in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries.

On right—

THE COURTS IN SESSION: In the traditional place of assembly in the parish church, the Clerk of the Day, Mr. D. Collins, speaks on the opening day. Mayors and representatives of the fourteen towns in the Confederation attended the ancient Courts.

THE PROCESSION OF THE COURTS OF BROTHERHOOD AND GUESTLING: Near the head of the column on its way through New Romney High Street are the Barons of the Cinque Ports (right). The Courts are held "As of old-time accustomed" in the parish church of St. Nicholas, built in the second half of the fourteenth century.

PART OF THE CEREMONIAL: Spectators in the High Street watch those attending the ancient ceremony proceed to the church, with mace-bearers carrying symbols of the Confederation.

"THE WAKEFUL NIGHTINGALE"

Exceptions to the Pæan of Praise for this Most Famous of Song Birds; Should it Not be Ranked Below the Blackbird, Wood-lark and Black-cap in the List of Songsters?

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

"LORD, what music hast Thou provided for the Saints in Heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on Earth?" The quotation is from Izaak Walton's *The Compleat Angler*, and he is referring to the nightingale. His is the popular estimation of the bird: the supreme avian songster. All the way back through English literature, English poetry especially, all the way back through European literature and European poetry especially, back through the centuries at least as far as Euripides—

> Nay, hearken! Again she is crying
> Where death-laden Simois falls,
> Of the face of dead Itys that stunned her,
> Of the grief grown to music and wonder:
> Most changeful and old and undying
> The nightingale calls.
> *Gilbert Murray's translation.*

—there are countless references to the song of the nightingale, and almost always they are in terms of the highest praise.

There have been exceptions. But you have got to search the literature very closely to find them: they are few and far between. Richard Barnfield did not subscribe to the popular view:

> As it fell upon a day
> In the merry month of May,
> Sitting in a pleasant shade
> Which a grove of myrtles made,
> Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
> Trees did grow and plants did spring;
> Everything did banish moan
> Save the Nightingale alone:
> She, poor bird, as all forlorn
> Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
> And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
> That to hear it was great pity.

Now that, which, it must be admitted, is a somewhat jaundiced view of the nightingale's song, is not a poem which appeals to the 100 per cent. pro-nightingale fraternity. I have tried it out on one of them and the reaction was immediate and almost violent. Who on earth, he asked, is Richard Barnfield? What does he know about nightingales? Why pick on some minor poet no one has ever heard of to support your ill-conceived thesis? But the second-rate poet has just as much right to an opinion as the poetic genius. In any case, I am not sure that Barnfield (1574-1627) can really be dismissed as a minor or second-rate poet. Two of his poems in *The Passionate Pilgrim* were long attributed by competent authorities to William Shakespeare. And one of them was "As it fell upon a day."

No matter what one may think of Richard Barnfield's poetic skill, the undeniable fact is that he considered the nightingale's song melancholy. And so did Hartley Coleridge:

> Oh nightingale! What doth she ail?
> And is she sad or jolly?
> For ne'er on earth was sound of mirth
> So like to melancholy.

But Hartley Coleridge, it may be maintained (if you feel strongly enough about it), was himself inclined to melancholia, brought on perhaps by his being sent down from Oxford for (they called it by a stronger word in my day) "intemperance," and could not, therefore, be expected to form a sound appraisal of the nightingale's song. It is true that some of his best poems, such as "She is not fair to outward view," have a singular melancholy charm. Be that as it may, the fact is that Coleridge, like Barnfield, considered the song of the nightingale melancholy.

Sophocles (a contemporary of Euripides) was of somewhat the same opinion:

> Where beneath the ivy shade,
> In the dew-besprinkled glade,
> Many a love-lorn nightingale
> Warbles sweet her plaintive tale.
> *Francklin's translation.*

(perhaps "melancholy" was the popular estimation of the song among the Greeks of the fourth century B.C.?), and even Milton, wholeheartedly of the modern view in the end, seems at one time to have had leanings the same way:

> Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
> Most musical, most melancholy!

But for the most part the poets are agreed not only upon the excellence of the nightingale's song, but also upon its joyfulness.

> 'And to that motion tune his wanton song
> Like tipsy joy that reels with tossing head

as Samuel Taylor Coleridge, in direct contrast to his son, puts it. This is, beyond question, the opinion of the vast majority of bird-lovers (I should have said all bird-lovers, were it not that I happen to be one myself): that the nightingale is supreme among our singing birds and that the song is joyful.

As you will, no doubt, have gathered by now, I am not a 100 per cent. nightingale fan. I do not know that I would call the song melancholy—certainly I have never consciously thought of it as that—but equally I would not call it really joyful. I have never consciously thought of it as that. It is nothing like as joyful as, for example, the cheerful little ditty of the yellow-hammer or the cheeky, errand-boyish, jingle of the chaffinch. Not, mind you, that I would compare either of these birds with the nightingale as a songster: they only strike me as being very much more cheerful.

THE NIGHTINGALE: A native of Europe from Britain to as far as Asia Minor, it is a member of the thrush family. It is about 6 ins. long, with a russet-brown and white plumage. The bird figures in the myth of Tereus and Philomela; the latter was transformed into a nightingale whose song is supposed to be a recital of her fate. The picture is by Eric Hosking.

No; what I have never been able to recognise is the nightingale's supremacy as a songster. I am in complete agreement with Shakespeare (who was no mean naturalist, incidentally) when he says in *The Merchant of Venice*:

> The nightingale, if she should sing by day,
> When every goose is cackling, would be thought
> No better a musician than the wren.
> How many things by season season'd are
> To their right praise and true perfection!

That, it seems to me, puts the whole matter neatly in a nutshell. It is, I believe, the darkness and the freedom from competition that has given the nightingale its great reputation. The fact is—and I am sure that Shakespeare was well aware of this—that the nightingale does sing by day, freely and all through the day, as well as habitually by night. But comparatively few bird-lovers, other than the most expert, can recognise with certainty a nightingale singing in the daytime. The song period is, roughly, from the middle of April until the end of the first week in June; and this is the very period when competition from other daytime songsters is at its fiercest, when every singing bird is singing as hard and as often as it can. Yet, though there are comparatively few who can with certainty pick out the nightingale, there are comparatively few who cannot pick out the blackbird. If the nightingale is incomparably the better songster, it seems strange that this should be so.

But let me return for a moment to the poets. William Cowper, who was enormously interested in birds and very knowledgeable about them—he would, had he lived to-day, have been regarded as a very good field naturalist—wrote a poem which he entitled "To the Nightingale which the Author heard Sing on New Year's Day, 1792":

> Whence is it, that amaz'd I hear
> From yonder wither'd spray,
> The foremost morn of all the year,
> The melody of May?

Now, this is impossible. The nightingale is a summer visitor and does not reach England until the middle of April. It might be suggested that Cowper heard it when abroad, which would be possible, for the nightingale does sometimes sing in its winter quarters. But the last verse—

> But thee no wintry skies can harm,
> Who only need'st to sing
> To make ev'ry January charm,
> And ev'ry season Spring.

—makes it clear that this was not so. In any case, we know that he was not abroad on New Year's Day, 1792. Obviously, then, knowledgeable though he was, he was mistaken. I think that he must have heard a wood-lark. I do not know that anybody else has ever heard a wood-lark on New Year's Day, but they do sing in the winter: there are plenty of records for late January, so New Year's Day could be judged, perhaps, as not altogether impossible.

Apart from that, the wood-lark's song does resemble the nightingale's in many of its notes. (Walpole-Bond considered the wood-lark the best of all British songsters. I cannot go as far as that: it comes second on my list, but ahead of the nightingale.) Incidentally, in connection with mistaken identity, it should be remembered that the wood-lark also sings at night. But there should not really (once you are used to it, so to speak) be any possibility of confusion with the nightingale at night, for the wood-lark at night almost always sings on the wing—so "the music goes round and around"—and the nightingale does not. In the daytime, however, the wood-lark will often sing from a tree or a bush as well as when it is in flight.

This spring I have been listening to nightingales regularly again for the first time for ten years. There used to be plenty in the immediate neighbourhood of this house, so that I had but to lean from the window at night to hear four or five in full song at the same time. Each spring, I would spend hours listening to the wonderful passionate melody pouring into the darkness, and each spring before the end of May I was bored with it and rather wished they would shut up and give me a bit of peace. (I have never been bored by the blackbird's song: in my opinion the blackbird is the best of all British songsters, better even than the wood-lark, for he has an amazing compass and a wonderful ability to turn his golden melody over in his throat, adding yet further richness to vast wealth.)

The last great nightingale year round here was 1949. In May that year they were everywhere and in numbers and from 1 a.m. onwards the night was filled with sound. Since then their favourite haunts have gradually disappeared under bricks and mortar, and year by year their numbers decreased. For three years now it has been necessary to make a special journey—though only one of a couple of miles or so—to hear one. But now, for some reason known only to themselves, they have come back again and they are nesting in the shrubberies of the bigger gardens. Once more I can lean from my window and listen.

How wonderful it is. I wonder now how I could ever have become bored with it, this song of the midnight hours. Not, mind you, that I would alter my list of preferences. The blackbird remains supreme for me, followed by the wood-lark and then the black-cap. None of these has the extraordinary passionate vigour of the nightingale, the fourth on my list, but all three have a purity of voice and a mastery of melody which the nightingale, in my opinion, cannot match.

"Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day." But surely Milton was wrong. The nightingale does not close the eye of day: he greets the day, even before day has come. It is from midnight onwards—that is, 1 a.m. summer-time—that he is at his best. It is then that one knows with Wordsworth that he is "a creature of fiery heart," and it is then that one realises how foolish it is to try to place the masters of song in order of merit.

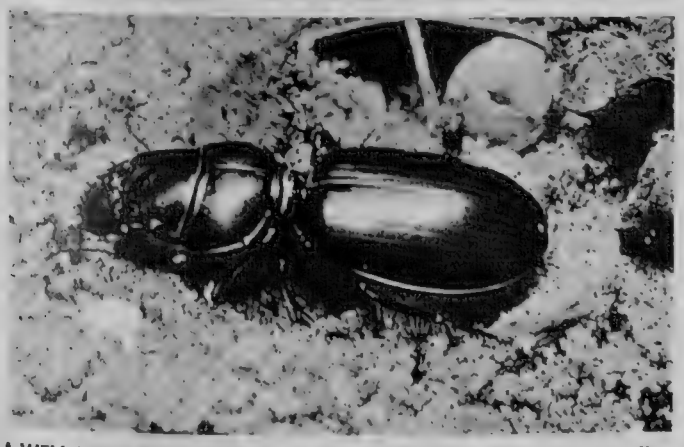
THE ABUNDANCE OF INSECTS

They Far Outnumber All Other Species of Animals in the World

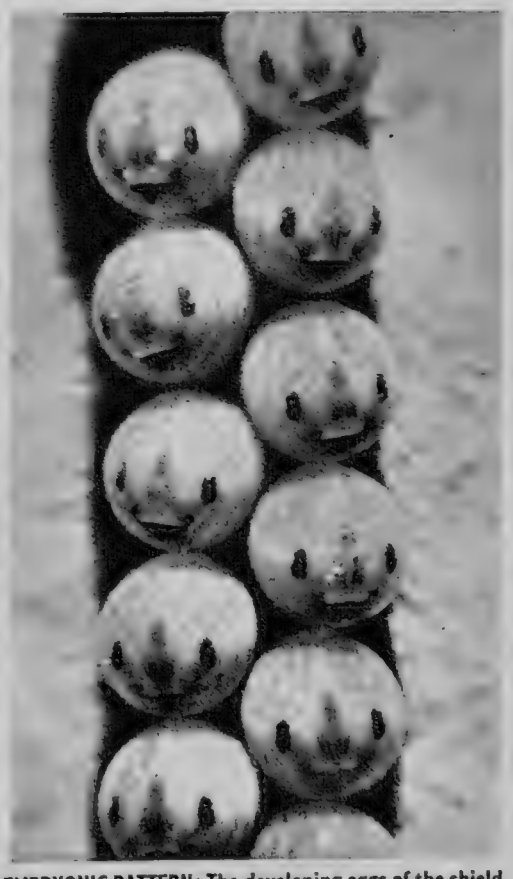
VARIETIES OF INSECTS: *Left*—Ants and aphids. Two workers of the *Formica fusca* collecting honey-dew, the sugary excrement of the aphids. *Right*—Close-up of a scorpion fly, *Panorpa*. All pictures on this page are from *The World of Insects*, by Paul Pesson.

LEGS AND EYES: *Left*—The male adult of the water beetle has fringed legs to give strength to swimming. *Right*—The horse fly has compound eyes with numerous facets and short antennæ.

AN INSECT WITH AN AGGRESSIVE FEATURE: A male stag beetle, *Lucanus cervus*, shows his jaws, obviously capable of a most effective pincers movement. The larvæ feed on rotten wood of old trees.



A WELL-PROTECTED BEETLE: The *Scarites gigas* looks like some heavily-armoured tank. These beetles have a strong head and thorax and dig burrows in damp sand at the edges of salt marshes.



EMBRYONIC PATTERN: The developing eggs of the shield bug show odd patterns of black dots and lines, giving the appearance of eyes and mouths.

NEWLY HATCHED: The caterpillar is beside its empty eggshell from which it has just gnawed its way out. It will evolve into an oak eggar.

A house-fly may be a pest, but it should be treated with the greatest respect. For it is an insect, and insects are by far the most abundant and diverse of all the animals in the world. They comprise in their various species more than two-thirds of the whole animal kingdom. The vertebrates, in which Man is included, represent about one-fifteenth of the total. It is a salutary reflection that if all the insects were to combine in the operation they could wipe out the entire human population more easily than a handful of hydrogen-bombs.

A book about insects is always welcome. The latest addition to "The Living Nature Series" is *The World of Insects*, by Paul Pesson (Harrap. 63s.). It is not only full of fascinating information about the numerical Lords and Masters. It has the additional advantage of being splendidly illustrated. Without the knowledge provided by the captions to the 228 pictures—of which fifty-two are in full colour—one might make understandable but incorrect assumptions. For instance, the Lord Justice of Appeal, obviously delivering a dissenting judgment against the views of his more tolerant Brethren, turns out to be a scorpion fly. The new armoured vehicle, just released from the secret list from Moscow or NATO headquarters, is a beetle. An enlargement of the stag beetle could hardly better the fundamental theory of the military pincers movement.

Entomology, like most sciences, owes its origins to Ancient Greece, and Aristotle in particular. However, it was not until Linnæus in the eighteenth century that the study was formulated into a system. To-day we are increasingly learning that insects in their many species present a wonderful variety of forms. They also, as Mr. Pesson shows in his text, frequently reveal a social life of family understanding and community co-operation which puts human societies to shame. A fly or a beetle might be a most helpful chairman for a Summit conference or as a member of a Royal Commission on behaviour among the larger animals.

The Sphere of Travel

NORWAY'S ARCTIC COAST

Visiting the Scattered Communities and Lonely Fjords of the "Land of the Midnight Sun"

By GORDON COOPER

VALLEY AND FJORD: Some miles to the north of Narvik, in that part of Norway inside the Arctic Circle, is Gratangen. It is easily reached by an express motor-coach service.

LOOKING at the map, that considerable portion of Norway which lies within the Arctic Circle hardly suggests a holiday-land. Yet, thanks to the soothing influence of the Gulf Stream, this Land of the Midnight Sun is more temperate than it might appear. You must go there during the summer months, when the sun never sets, for during the winter there is total darkness throughout the twenty-four hours. To help you on your way there are many up-to-date facilities available for the tourist. Every day of the week the Coastal Express steamer runs both ways between Trondheim and Kirkenes—a fair-sized town lying close to the Russian frontier. This sea-trip, with calls at many fishing ports, takes about five days each way, or six days if you start from Bergen. I think a one-way passage suffices, and you should choose your ship with care, for the vessels vary in comfort. Alternative routes are by bus—a four-day trip—between Fauske (a railhead), or Bodø, and Kirkenes, or by air; the S.A.S. maintain services which link Bodø, or even Oslo, with Kirkenes. Full particulars of these services can be obtained through your travel agent.

In order to provide accommodation for travellers, a number of guest houses or hotels have been built at certain points. These hotels are simply furnished, but are perfectly adequate, and although at one of these hotels I found a notice that no guest may hold a room for more than one night—because of the considerable traffic that makes it a night-halt only—yet there are two or three places where some people might like to linger longer, either through a desire to visit Lapp encampments, or to soak in the atmosphere of spaciousness and loneliness which permeates much of the region, or, again, perhaps to fish, for here you find the finest salmon fishing in the world. Gratangen and Ifjord are my two chief recommendations in this respect.

Some people might find four days' travel on a bus rather monotonous, but I did not find it so. The buses, too, are quite comfortable and the Arctic high road is well-surfaced. When you consider the relatively small population of Norway and its vast extent, the good roads are quite a minor miracle. One of the features of the route is that it follows the coasts of the main fjords, thus providing a constantly changing scene. Dotted alongside the water's edge are small, isolated farms, each with its own patch of cultivated land and its own fishing-boat, for it is only by combining these two activities that a living can be earned.

Very striking, too, is the exuberance of nature. One almost feels that one can actually see the vegetation growing, which is not surprising, with the sun shining twenty-four hours of the day. Nowhere else on earth will you enjoy such a profusion of colours as in North Norway, where the glowing disc of the sun dips down to touch the horizon, transforming the scenery before it mounts again into the sky. At North Cape the whole disc of the sun is visible from May 14 to July 30, and at Bodø from June 5 to July 9. I would point out that you can only see the Midnight Sun if the climatic conditions are good, for in cloudy weather (which does occur) nothing is visible.

Not least of the attractions on the bus trip is the sight of an occasional Lapp camp, and the reindeer herds. Often a gaily-garbed Lapp joins the bus, and he is usually more companionable than the average, rather taciturn, Norwegian traveller. On one occasion, one of these little men—for the Lapps are seldom more than 5 ft. in height—

***Above*—**
A BUS FERRY: A network of buses links the communities of northern Norway. It is possible to travel from Bodø or Lønsdal to close to the Russian frontier at Kirkenes.

took me into a Lapp tent, made of reindeer skins, with a large open hole at the top to let the smoke from the fire escape. Inside there were no tables, chairs or raised beds, but some reindeer-skin bags served as seats. After exchanging the Lapp greeting, "*Pourist! Pourist!*" ("I greet you! I greet you!"), I was offered a cup of coffee, although I must confess I felt somewhat squeamish in drinking it when I saw the young woman of the family put a piece of dried fish into the pot. However, a sip or two sufficed, and then it was time to board the bus again, after shaking hands all round and saying "*Hyvasti! Hyvasti!*"

I mentioned Gratangen and Ifjord as possible places in which to arrange a break in the journey. At the former place (easily reached from Narvik), there is a pleasant tourist hotel, set amidst glorious scenery, while at Ifjord there is excellent trout-fishing in an atmosphere of loneliness.

There are some alternatives to the through bus trip, such as the six-day North Cape Tour, which takes you in a special tourist bus from Narvik via Tromsø to the North Cape, whence you continue on to Honningsvag, where the journey south is made by steamer. This round excursion can also be made in the reverse direction. These North Cape Tours, incidentally, only operate from June 26 to August 4. Another alternative is to branch off at Alta and proceed south by bus service across the unique Finmark Mountain Plateau to Kautokeino (not far from the Finnish frontier), where there is the largest Lapp camp in the country; also a Government guesthouse.

For those in a hurry, the journey by seaplane is rewarding for, provided the weather is clear, you get a remarkable picture of the countryside below: the ragged coastline with its thousands of islands and skerries; the majesty of the fjords cutting deeply inland, the mountains, waterfalls, and rivers. You also see the barrenness of the plateaux and the vast expanses of forests.

Kirkenes would hardly claim to be a tourist resort, although a short trip along the nearby Pasvik Valley is a

COME WITH YOUR CAR TO THE CONTINENT

With car space across the Channel both by sea and air becoming increasingly tight at week-ends and peak periods, it was good to be introduced the other week to a new car-ferry service which has only recently started between Tilbury and Antwerp. This is a leisurely, almost cruise-like way of going with your car to the Continent, but although the journey takes 16 hours, the comfortable night's rest and the excellent food and service made the experience for me thoroughly enjoyable. I liked the individual service and the uncrowded atmosphere on board. It was like that of a modern fast freighter. Only seventeen private cars are carried at any time, the rest of the vehicles on board being commercial.

There is both first- and second-class accommodation on this quite new 3,000-ton m.v. *Bardic Ferry*, which was principally built to accommodate commercial vehicles on the "drive on and drive off" principle. The stern of the ship consists of an enormous sea-proof ramp, which when let down at the end of a dock enables vehicles to be driven on into an extensive hold. Additionally, some half-dozen cars can be carried in a garage on deck. Passenger deck-space is considerable and quite extensive. It was delightful to sit in the sun and watch the panorama of the Thames Estuary and on the return journey to look across over the wide River Scheldt to the dykes and windmills of Holland.

M.V. "Bardic Ferry" of Transport Ferry Service

Meals are included in the fares, which range from £10 per person first-class return or from £6 per person second-class return. Rates vary for motor-cars according to length, but as an example, a car with a maximum length of 14 ft. 6 ins. is carried for £12 13s.—return. One advantage of this route is that only seventeen first-class passengers are carried and that cars are not required to be alongside more than 2 hours before sailing time. There are three sailings weekly in each direction at four o'clock in the afternoon, from Tilbury on Monday, Wednesday and Friday and from Antwerp on Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday. Times of arrival depend on locks being available but, generally speaking, the *Bardic Ferry* is alongside at 8.30 in the morning.

A sea voyage is always pleasant and more especially if you can spend the night on board. The limited number of passengers carried and the quite spacious single- and two-berthed cabins help to make the crossing very restful at the beginning and end of a holiday. A nice touch is the morning cup of tea with which orange juice and buttered toast is served. Strangely enough this does not deter one from eating a hearty three-course breakfast at eight o'clock. If you want to make an early start on the first day of your car tour abroad and find a little difficulty in securing accommodation at the right time, it would be a good idea to talk to your travel agent about the Transport Ferry Service. It is worth investigating.

W. D. C. C.

On right—
IN THE NORTHERN FJORDS: The Bergen Lines' liner *Meteor* is tied up at Lyngen, on the way to North Cape. *Meteor* is making six cruises this summer to northern Norway.

surprise, for here in the farthest north is a veritable Arctic Garden of Eden, with a green and fertile countryside. Some people, too, will find an interest in peeping through the Iron Curtain. The sea journey from Kirkenes to Trondheim and Bergen is not easily described. As far as the North Cape the coast is bleak and desolate, the vegetation scanty, and bird life affords the only relief in a rather desolate landscape. The various fishing ports at which the steamer calls are all rather similar in type, and all possess a strong fishy smell. The North Cape itself is a steep headland rising to a height of more than 1,000 ft. It is really separated from the mainland by a narrow channel and might pedantically be considered as only the northern extremity of the island of Mageroy, but it is by common assent regarded as the most northerly part of mainland Europe.

Shortly after passing the North Cape, the journey becomes much more interesting. You come to Hammerfest, the most northerly town in the world, with its rather stolid atmosphere of civilisation, including cafés with dance-bands and cinemas. Then on to Tromso, the busiest harbour north of Trondheim and the point of departure for ships sailing to Spitzbergen and the Arctic. Here, too, there is an interesting Arctic Museum, with graphic information on everything in the whole spectrum of the north, from polar bears and reindeer to the eider ducks.

Not far from Tromsø is the island of Bjarkoy, an important source of eiderdown. The eider duck is quite an amazing bird, but her solicitude for her young is her undoing. She plucks from her breast the delicate down to feather her nest; and when the human collectors of down deprive her nest of this material she proceeds to pluck her breast again. Half a pound of down is the average loot from a single nest in a season, but the collectors are under strict Government supervision.

Then one comes to the Lofotens, which provide a unique experience, as one passes through a strait each side of which is lined by huge pointed mountains of granite, 3,000 to 4,000 ft. high, and broken by ravines. It is like sailing into a land of castles, especially if your passage takes place at sunset, when the topmost rocks are suffused with a warm golden light. In the spring Svolvaer, the main port, presents an amazing sight when thousands of fishing craft gather there to take part in the biggest cod fishery in the world.

Then, finally, one arrives at Trondheim, the ancient capital of Norway and one of its most interesting cities. I found it also rather a relief to escape from a fairly constant diet of boiled fish, boiled meat and boiled potatoes which represent the usual meals in the Far North. Incidentally, the coastal steamers only serve light beers and wines, so it is as well to carry your own supplies of spirits; also of reading matter.

Lastly, for the adventurous, there is a steamship service during the summer between Tromsø and Spitzbergen; the round trip takes about ten days, with calls at Longyearby and New-Alesund, in Spitzbergen. There are no hotels in Spitzbergen, but there are facilities for hunting expeditions when you can be reasonably sure of shooting a polar bear. Spitzbergen is still very much virgin territory, a land of jagged, desolate mountains, and most of the interior is covered with an ice-cap.

For further information:
Norwegian National Tourist Office, 20, *Pall Mall*, *London*, *S.W.*1.

Specialist Travel Agents:
Bennett's Travel Bureau Ltd., 11, *Grand Buildings*, *Trafalgar Square*, *W.C.*2.
Odd Berg, *Tromsø* (*for Spitzbergen hunting expeditions*).

DEAUVILLE—EUROPE'S DE LUXE RESORT

WITHOUT the slightest doubt, Deauville is among the smartest seaside resorts in Europe. Everything is absolutely first class, largely because of the control exercised by M. François André, her uncrowned king who knows how to cater for the silk-lined purse. Thus the visitor rubs shoulders with many of the most famous international names. Here are maharajahs, princes, wealthy Greek shipowners and racehorse owners, and film stars, all prepared to stake millions of francs on the baccarat and roulette tables in the Casino.

But Deauville has much more to offer than its gambling. The resort itself is perhaps the earliest example of resort planning, and there are many open spaces, with a magnificent display of flower-beds. There is a mile-long beach of fine sand, excellent for bathing, even though some of the ladies do little more than parade their fashionable bathing costumes, possibly dipping a scarlet-painted toe into the water. There are tennis courts, a first-class golf course, one of the finest racecourses in France and the meeting-ground of wealthy owners from all over the world. There are international sporting contests, horse shows, regattas, yachting, polo, pigeon shooting. There is a most lively night life, too, and the leading restaurants present elaborate galas during the season.

For those wishing to enjoy this glittering environment, there is luxury accommodation available at the Normandy and the Royal Hotels, while two miles outside the resort is the Golf Hotel, beautifully situated. At any of these establishments, the all-in cost would exceed £4 10s. a day. But there are more modest places in which to stay: Hotel Les Arcades and Hotel Frascati are two suggestions. Nor need your meals necessarily cost a small fortune, and you could try Luigi's Bar, Le Siècle, Petit Bequet (with rooms), and Chez Auguste.

Access to Deauville is easy: from Paris by fast train the journey takes only two hours; by overnight steamer from Southampton to Havre, thence by connecting motor-coach; and by air, there are regular summer services between south Britain and the resort (Silver City).

THE FRENCH RESORT OF DEAUVILLE: Visitors sit in the sun at tables along the beach of the fashionable town. *Left*—The streets and shops of Deauville present a spacious and leisurely air.

A FORTUNE IN YOUR ATTIC?

Old Oil Paintings Can be Appraised at the National Gallery, in London

Despite the zealous investigations of experts, from time to time unknown paintings by famous artists are still discovered in the most unlikely places. There is still a chance that among the dusty bric-à-brac and accumulated rubbish of the years, stored in the dim recesses of an attic, there may be a painting which, when cleaned and restored, may turn out to be worth a great deal. For some years now, some thousand such paintings have been brought every year to the National Gallery on the off-chance that they may be valuable. The service is free and operates every Wednesday and Friday afternoon, when the Assistant Keeper, Mr. Cecil Gould, advises the owners whether the paintings are worth cleaning and possibly sending to auction. During this time no masterpiece has been found, but the occasional work has proved to be of some value. It might, for instance, be a signed and dated painting by some minor eighteenth-century artist, when it would at least have curiosity value.

The National Gallery deals only with oil paintings; drawings are dealt with by the British Museum, and miniatures by the Victoria and Albert Museum. Sometimes what is thought by the fond owner to be an oil turns out to be an oleograph of even less value. Although nothing of any importance has turned up so far, under the scheme, discoveries have been made elsewhere in recent years. A young man some time ago saw what he thought to be an Old Master, and pawned his typewriter to obtain it. The work turned out to be a "Death of Dido," by Rubens, and later fetched over £3,000.

Last year, a Breugel panel was auctioned at Sotheby's, in London, and realised £2,100. It was sold by a woman who was the great-granddaughter of an amateur painter who, while visiting Brussels, wanted something to paint on. He bought the panel as junk, and after cleaning it found Breugel's signature. His great-granddaughter kept it for years until she decided it was too large for her flat and offered it for sale.

In the art world of to-day, it is not only paintings by acknowledged masters which may command high prices. At a sale at Sotheby's recently, a painting by the Canadian nineteenth-century painter, Cornelius Krieghoff, was sold for well over £1,000. It was bought about eighteen years ago at a church bazaar for 1s. 6d. Such is the vogue for this minor artist, most of whose work depicts life in the early days of Canada, and particularly Red Indians, that other pictures by him have commanded even higher prices in the auction room.

A SIDE DOOR TO THE NATIONAL GALLERY, IN LONDON: A hopeful young man presses the bell as he brings a picture to the Gallery to discover whether it is valuable or not. For some years free consultations have been arranged for those wishing to find out about old paintings they possess. These are inspected by Mr. Cecil Gould, the Assistant Keeper, who advises the owner whether they are worth sending to be cleaned or to the auctioneer.

ARRIVING BY CAR: A picture is brought to one of the free consultation periods at the National Gallery, the imposing façade of which can be seen on the left. Paintings are inspected twice a week, on Wednesday and Friday afternoons.

POINTING OUT A DETAIL: Mr. Cecil Gould examines a detail of a horse in one of the paintings which was submitted for inspection.

On left and below—
THE "WAITING ROOM": The old paintings are brought to be examined in many shapes and sizes, sometimes wrapped and sometimes not. Rather over a thousand a year are appraised. Many of them are not oils at all, but merely old oleographs.

UNDER INSPECTION: Mr. Gould stands back to look at a painting representing a mythological subject. Only oil paintings are appraised.

TAKING A CLOSER LOOK: Mr. Gould (right) looks at the back of the canvas. Often, although the painting may be valueless, the owner can be told a certain amount about its age and possible history. In all the years that the scheme has been operated at the National Gallery, no valuable painting has come to light.

AFTER THE INSPECTION: An attendant at the National Gallery helps to pack up a picture. The next step probably, should the oil painting have any value at all, is to take it to an auctioneer.

THE PIPELINE AND THE TREE: *Britain's Sources of Rubber*

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

ONE of the cold facts of modern industrial life is that much if not most of the technical progress we achieve comes about as a direct result or a by-product of war. Weapon development, from which we have inherited industrial atomic energy, and the modern airliner offer most of the outstanding examples. But another distinct group of advances deriving from war needs are the newly-developed materials that came into existence because war required their special qualities more than peace ever did—or because war cut off the industrial powers involved from natural sources of supply. Among these comes one of the latest industries to be started in Britain—synthetic rubber, of which general-purpose production began for the first time on a commercial scale last summer.

Synthetic rubber is one of the few important products, or groups of products, that have lasted from the "ersatz" materials developed in Germany to overcome shortages caused by the blockades of two world wars. Since the turn of the century, about thirty different substances have been developed as synthetic rubbers—defined as vulcanisable material able to stretch repeatedly at least 150 per cent. and return immediately to its approximate original shape. But natural rubber has hardly been short; development of the Malayan, Ceylonese and Indonesian crops, themselves in a sense "artificial" in that the *Hevea Brasiliensis* tree was itself imported to East Asia from its natural habitat in Brazil, fully kept pace with the huge increase in demand following development of motor transport. Use of the synthetics would probably never have developed beyond special purposes if Germany in the First World War, and Germany and the Western allies both in the Second, had not been cut off from their natural supplies.

Germany was originally in the lead here, as in much of industrial chemistry. In the First World War it explored the alternatives systematically; by 1918 it was producing about 2,000 tons of methyl rubber a year. This made tyres for its military lorries, but not good ones. Production stopped with peace, but experiments went on. By the mid-20's a way of synthesising rubber from butadiene had been worked out in principle, though it was not put into production until the early '30's. Russia, which during the '20's was largely isolated from ordinary international trade, took a hand about this time, beginning to produce rubber-like substances from domestically-produced alcohol. In the early '30's, as Hitler began his campaign for self-sufficiency, German chemical firms pressed ahead with their developments; U.S. chemical, rubber-manufacturing, and oil companies also began to take an interest, mainly in specialised synthetic rubbers with greater resistance to oil and solvents than the natural product. Dupont's Neoprene, for example, was in production on a small scale as early as 1931. But it was the Germans who produced Buna S, the most effective general-purpose substitute for natural rubber, in 1933, and later Buna N, an oil-resistant rubber that could be processed easily.

These substitutes were produced in Germany on a large scale as part of its rearmament effort; the United States, however, did not recognise the need until Singapore had fallen. It had made abortive efforts to develop rubber plantations in Brazil and other parts of tropical Latin America, "groundnut schemes" that came to nothing. But in early 1942 it decided to invest $650,000,000 in plants capable of producing some 900,000 tons of synthetic rubber. Within two years fifty plants were completed, giving America a new industry producing about a million tons a year.

A million tons a year is more than half the output of natural rubber that it has been possible to rebuild in Malaya, Ceylon and Indonesia since the war; a formidable competitor for the plantations had been created from one government's decision. Moreover, the efforts of development in the United States and Germany had focused more scientific research upon a variety of new substitutes than had ever been concentrated as wholeheartedly upon the natural material. Until recently, no synthetic that is chemically identical with natural rubber had been produced; the various synthetics were inferior to the natural product in some ways and surpassed it in others. But for the manufacturing industry synthetic rubbers had three advantages that no natural material produced as "a technical crop" could easily match: almost complete uniformity of quality, stability of price, and a method of production that could quickly be adjusted to demand.

Britain's attitude towards synthetic rubber has been founded upon the coldest commercial appraisal. No autarchic considerations have counted here; owning the largest commercial stake in natural rubber, and having to buy oil and other materials for the synthetic substances from abroad, our rubber-manufacturing companies have had no reason to hasten. But equally they have had considerable experience in using synthetic rubbers of all kinds since the wartime days; and have accepted the fact that for many purposes—most of the sections of motor tyres, for example—the man-made materials are now able to guarantee better performance. British producers began here with the special-purpose rubbers, in small amounts: nitrile rubbers with extra resistance to oil, and high styrene rubbers used for exceptional wear, silicone and now chloroprene rubbers. But in 1955 a group of major tyre-manufacturing companies, Dunlop, Goodyear, Firestone, and Michelin, came together to form The International Synthetic Rubber Company for the purpose of manufacturing "S.B." general-purpose synthetic rubber, on a site at Hythe close to the Esso refinery at Fawley.

Last summer this plant came into commission. Its basic materials are styrene and butadiene, chemicals that can most conveniently be produced from oil refining; the Hythe plant draws its butadiene by pipeline from one of the specialised units at Fawley. The styrene comes from Grangemouth. Opening of the new plant has dramatically reduced British imports of synthetic rubber, which had been costing the country about $25,000,000 (£8,900,000) a year.

At present only about a quarter of total rubber consumption in Britain and Western Europe is synthetic; in the United States the proportion is 60 per cent. There is not much doubt that its share on this side of the Atlantic will grow rapidly; throughout Europe there has recently been a massive investment in new plants to make synthetic rubber, and with most of them now complete the Continent has capacity to spare over and above its needs. As in other chemical plant, the "capacity" of synthetic rubber plants tends to be a very elastic figure: the Hythe plant, for example, was originally rated to produce 50,000 tons of S.B. type rubber a year, but it is now reckoned as able to produce 70,000 tons a year or even more. Total European capacity, complete or under construction now, will by 1960 be about 300,000 tons.

Counting plant in the United States and behind the Iron Curtain, the world's capacity to produce synthetic rubber may not now fall very far short of its annual output of plantation rubber. Opinions about the future course of competition differ in the trade. Few people expect natural rubber to go the way of, say, natural indigo, even though the polyisoprene rubbers that will soon become available do to-day offer practically all the significant qualities of the natural material. The main question is whether the steady growth of world demand for rubbers of all kinds will continue fast enough to assure natural rubber as big a market as it has to-day.

Re-planting with high-yield rubber growths, more careful grading, and to-day considerable research into the qualities and possibilities of the natural product, may give tree rubber the chance to hold its own. The natural product is, after all, a renewable resource, whereas the raw materials for synthetics are basically wasting resources produced in extractive industries; both come in the main from underdeveloped territories, where politics could become unstable. The balance to-day is that neither the natural rubber nor the rubbers made from petroleum or alcohol could achieve any monopoly of supply. Those are the most promising circumstances for research in the future—and for the consumer now.

BRITAIN'S SYNTHETIC RUBBER PLANT: *Left*—An important part of The International Synthetic Rubber Company's plant at Hythe, in Hampshire, is the recovery unit, in which parts of the raw materials unused during the manufacturing process are regained. *Right*—From the air can be seen the plant at Hythe, with Southampton Water at low tide in the background. Top left is the butadiene storage plant, with the recovery unit in the centre, and the miscellaneous chemicals storage farm extreme right.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

FUNCTIONAL INDUSTRIAL BUILDING: Construction is in progress on the Customs sheds at Mexico City, which were partly designed by Felix Candela. Between the gaps the concrete shell roofing is 35 ft. wide and stretches 66 ft. across. The shells' stiffening ribs are placed externally. Tie rods help to support the butterfly concrete awning.

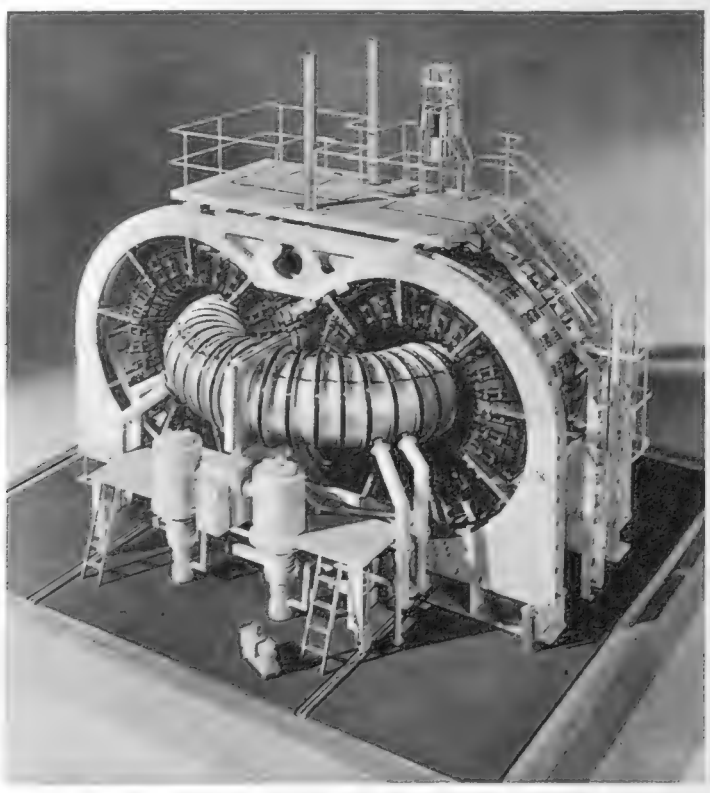
STRANGELY-SHAPED PILLARS: They are in the Church of La Virgen Milagrosa, in a suburb of Mexico City. The calculations were done as work advanced.

CONCRETE BUILDINGS IN MEXICO

Dr. Felix Candela has been responsible over the past five years for the construction in Mexico of more than 120 shell-roofed buildings. They are among the most remarkable in the country, if not in the world. Dr. Candela is a professor of design at the National University of Mexico, and chairman of Cubiertas Ala, S.A., a firm of engineers and contractors which specialise in the design and construction of concrete shell structure. The strength of the shell design stems from its double curvature and systems of them used together give original effects. They can be formed without resorting to cumbersome and costly arched forms. Dr. Candela uses the shell form widely.

ELEGANCE WITH SIMPLICITY: There is no waste of material in the building of the Bacardi Rum Distillery for D. Matamores, at Puebla. The structure on the right is a covering for the fermentation tanks. In the centre is a boiler shed with a series of short roof shells.

TYPICAL CANDELA FACTORY ROOFING: Construction of the High Life Clothing factory in Mexico City nears completion. It is roofed with tilted "warped parallelogram" umbrella shells in 1½-in. thick concrete. The holes provide additional daylighting.

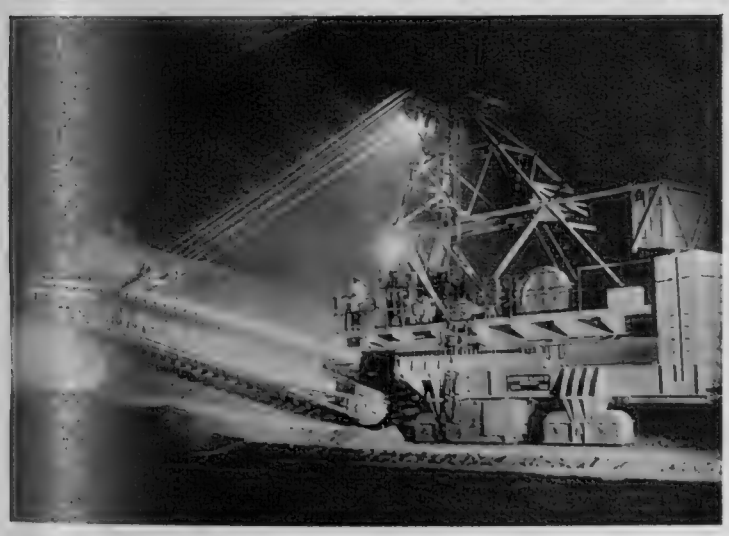


ZETA AT THE LISBON FAIR

The model of ZETA will be one of the exhibits of Metropolitan-Vickers on the Associated Electrical Industries stand at the forthcoming Lisbon Fair. The ribbed metal tube is called the torus and is surrounded by a pulse transformer. In the full-size ZETA at Harwell the torus has a bore of 1 metre and a mean diameter of 3 metres. Deuterium (heavy hydrogen) is fed into the torus and heated to temperatures of 5,000,000 deg. C., fusing the atoms and producing energy.

TELEVISION EQUIPMENT FOR GHANA

Mr. J. B. Millar, the Director of Broadcasting, Ghana Broadcasting System, on the right, and next to him, Mr. B. N. MacLarty, engineer-in-chief of the Marconi Wireless and Telegraph Co., Ltd., examine a Marconi Mark III television camera at the Company's works at Chelmsford, Essex. This camera is widely used by the B.B.C. and the I.T.A., and is especially useful in outside work, where it can be used in very poor light. Under an agreement with the Ghana Broadcasting authorities, Marconi's and Pye Limited are to provide television equipment for the Queen's visit to Ghana in November. The equipment includes transmitters, a studio and a mobile outside broadcasting unit.



OPEN DAY AT BILLINGHAM: At a special luncheon for over 400 fertiliser agents at the I.C.I. plant, are, from left, Mr. W. D. Scott, a director of I.C.I. ; Colonel J. F. Cramphorn, President of the National Association of Corn and Agricultural Merchants ; Mr. W. L. J. V. Ward, Chairman of the Billingham Division; Sir Alexander Fleck, Chairman of I.C.I.; and Mr. D. Ellis, Vice-President of N.A.C.A.M.

I.C.I.'S BILLINGHAM DIVISION : In Durham, at the largest chemical works in the Commonwealth, are, left, the air-conditioned storage silo, and right, the Concentrated Complete Fertiliser Granulation Plant, where the solid raw materials are processed into granules of fertiliser.

INSIDE THE STORAGE SILO: A gigantic scraper loader is used to move the C.C.F. which is stored inside the vast structure. The fertiliser is delivered to the silo through the roof. When it is needed it is taken to the nearby packing shed from from which it is transported either by road or rail. The new silo is of the same basic design as the sulphate of ammonia silo which was erected some thirty years ago.

On right—

THE CHEMICAL PLANT: The Billingham Division is a complex of buildings, sheds, and chimneys. In the foreground are the concentrated nitric acid plant, and pipe bridges. Centre is the plant for the manufacture of sulphate of ammonia fertiliser, and storage silos. In the background are the boiler plant, the power station and the coke ovens. Five I.C.I. divisions, of which Billingham is the largest, occupy the 1,100-acre site.

LARGEST CHEMICAL PLANT IN THE COMMONWEALTH

Recently over 400 of I.C.I.'s fertiliser agents visited the Billingham Division in Durham. These agricultural merchants from many parts of England and Wales were the largest party of visitors in one day to see the works, the largest chemical plant in the Commonwealth. The Division, which manufactures fertilisers, industrial chemicals and building products, is the largest of five divisions of I.C.I. at the site: the others are Heavy Organic Chemicals, General Chemicals, Dyestuffs, and Plastics. Billingham makes 1,000,000 tons of fertilisers and 1,000,000 tons of other products every twelve months. The basic principle utilised is the reaction of atmospheric nitrogen with hydrogen to form ammonia, in a high-pressure process. Catalysts are extensively used to speed up chemical reactions, and mechanical handling and instrument control keep the flow of raw and finished products moving. Ammonia is used in processes which yield a great variety of other chemical products. The basic raw materials are Durham coal, water, and mineral anhydrite from below the factory, with imported phosphate rock, potash and oil. From these, fertilisers, industrial chemicals, cement, plaster and plasterboard are produced. The Concentrated Complete Fertiliser Plant, which came into operation last year, is the largest such plant in Great Britain.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT SEA

The Queen and Prince Charles Tour the Aircraft-carrier H.M.S. "Eagle"

H.M.S. *Eagle* was launched by the Queen, then Princess Elizabeth, in 1946, and on Wednesday of last week, accompanied by the Prince of Wales, she visited the ship for the first time since then. The Queen and her son boarded her at Weymouth and were taken for a trip in the Channel. This was one of the few engagements that the Prince has carried out with his mother. They made separate tours of the ship. The Queen visited the sick bay and also watched the daily issue of rum. During the Prince's tour he was at the helm of *Eagle* for about a minute, while steaming at 25 knots. They remained on board for about four hours, and before leaving, the Queen, with the Prince at her side, took the salute at a march-past of the ship's company. Two young members of the crew then presented gifts. For herself and the Duke of Edinburgh the Queen received two silver rose-bowls. Prince Charles was given a miniature replica of one of the *Eagle's* rum barrels and a charm bracelet for Princess Anne. The aircraft-carrier landed the Royal visitors at Portland.

THE QUEEN AND THE PRINCE OF WALES ON BOARD H.M.S. "EAGLE": From a wing on the bridge of the aircraft-carrier the Royal visitors look down on the flight deck to watch a flying display. The Queen and the Prince spent four hours on the vessel, which took them from Weymouth out into the Channel.

A GIFT FOR THE PRINCE: Junior Mechanical Engineer Ian Betteridge presents a miniature replica of one of *Eagle's* rum tubs.

On right—

WATCHING THE FLYING DISPLAY: From the bridge the Prince of Wales uses binoculars to get a better view of the operations.

A TRIP ALONG THE FLIGHT-DECK: During his tour of the ship the Prince enjoys a ride in a tractor. The vehicle is normally used for towing aircraft. A highlight of the visit was when the Prince steered *Eagle* for about a minute.

IN A GUN TURRET: The Prince of Wales handles a 4·5-in. shell in a gun turret in H.M.S. *Eagle*. Later he saw a diver dressed in full gear. The Queen made her tour of the ship independently, speaking to many of the officers and men aboard.

ANOTHER PART OF THE TOUR: Officers of *Eagle* explain to the Prince of Wales the work being carried out on "drop off" fuel tanks by Chief Petty Officer Rounding. The Prince was keenly interested in all the details he was shown.

PRINCE PHILIP RETURNS

At the End of His Round-the-World Tour He is Welcomed by the Queen and the Prince of Wales at London Airport

ARRIVAL AT LONDON AIRPORT: The Queen, the Duke of Edinburgh and Prince Charles are seen with Captain G. G. Stead, captain of the B.O.A.C. Britannia airliner which brought Prince Philip from Bermuda. *Left*—The Duke precedes the Queen and the Prince of Wales down the steps.

A sun-tanned and smiling Duke of Edinburgh was met at London Airport by the Queen and the Prince of Wales at the end of his three-month tour, which took him through India, Pakistan, and British Territories in the Far East and the Pacific, Panama and the Bahamas. He arrived home, having flown the last leg of his journey in a Britannia airliner of B.O.A.C., a few minutes ahead of schedule, to be greeted by bright sunshine and a stiffish breeze. The Queen and the Prince of Wales entered the aircraft alone and greeted the Duke in the after-cabin. The Royal Family then left by car for Windsor.

HOME IN BRIGHT SUNSHINE: Watched by a crowd of some 200 people, the Royal Family walk along a path at London Airport. The Duke of Edinburgh left England on January 20 for his round-the-world tour, travelling by air and in the Royal yacht, *Britannia*.

ON THE WAY BACK TO WINDSOR: The Royal Family prepare to enter their car at London Airport. Prince Philip, on his return from his 36,000-mile tour, was welcomed by the Queen, Prince Charles, and members of the Government.

The World of Books

PAINTING AND POETRY

Biographies of Salvador Dali and W. B. Yeats; Memoirs of an Impresario; Understanding the Old Testament; Orwell in a New Edition and Another Novelist to Remember

THE French, who are as fearless as the next man when it comes to the use of language, have a word for people whom they recognise admiringly as being outside the ordinary run of human beings. They say: "*Quel phénomène!*" And they say it more in affection than in censure. Salvador Dali is one to whom the term might liberally be applied both as a world-known figure and as an artist of spectacular success. It has taken a writer who is a bit of a *phénomène* herself to explore his life story, his myth and his achievements, and this has been done by Fleur Cowles in THE CASE OF SALVADOR DALI (Heinemann. 42s.). Mrs. Cowles is a journalist, author, painter (she has been "hung" at the Royal Academy), lecturer and international hostess. She has a kind of *aurora borealis* of friends and Señor Dali is one of them; a fact which has not deterred her from writing about him with all the objective scrutiny of an entomologist.

For those who remember Dali's paintings best from such examples as his desert landscape strewn with melting watches and regard him, rightly, as one of the most important exponents of Surrealism, it will be surprising to learn that at the mention of Vermeer his temperature has always risen, that since a boy, "this has been the fever of an idol for his god" (a revealing phrase) or that for a copy of a Vermeer made for a distinguished American collector he analysed the colours, examined the original brushwork microscopically, had a canvas specially woven —and charged 10,000 dollars, as "for a Dali original."

Dali is described by the author as a great eccentric, and few would argue with that phrase. He is also shown in this long, lively and comprehensive study as a publicist second to none and as an inventor of familiar objects in unfamiliar contexts, such as streamlined cars in "very formal evening dress . . . the radiator of their bosoms emerging from the organdie . . ." His fancy, need I add, has always been exuberant and continues so to be. His friendly but observant biographer has known how to do him proud while writing of him with wide-open, worldly eyes.

The Irish seem to have a special talent for writing the biographies of their men of letters. A little while ago it was Padraic Colum and his wife writing of their friend, James Joyce, and now it is Monk Gibbon writing of W. B. Yeats, the poet he revered as a boy and learned to quarrel with and still revere in maturity. THE MASTERPIECE AND THE MAN—*Yeats as I Knew Him* (Hart-Davis. 21s.) is a rewarding book for those who had a lifelong fondness for the work of this most Irish of imaginative writers, and a fascinating memoir for others who have a real interest in literary matters but regard Ireland as about two paces on the hither side of Cloud Cuckoo Land.

Mr. Gibbon writes with the understanding that only another poet and another Irishman could bring to the works of Yeats, but it is for the personal notes that his reminiscences are most to be valued. He saw Yeats from a distance in 1909, heard about him constantly from Yeats' two sisters, and came to know him well from the mid-'20's till Yeats' death in 1939, so that his personal contacts were with the poet in old age. They are none the less vividly interesting.

NOT IN FRONT OF THE CHILDREN (Heinemann. 21s.) is a theatrical autobiography with a moderately inappropriate title. For Mr. Henry Sherek, impresario, *bon viveur* and art collector, writes with typical exuberance about his adventures in the theatre, but not in a way calculated to bring a blush even to the governess of a fifteen-year-old. This, one feels, is not because Mr. Sherek's experiences, which range from circuses to the highest-browed comedies, haven't provided him with plenty of material expressly designed for producing blushes among the demure, but for the excellent reason that he is a man of taste. His anecdotes of the stage great are immensely diverting, his manner unnecessarily modest and the whole style of his book good-humoured.

Professor M. A. Beek, in his introduction to his book, A JOURNEY THROUGH THE OLD TESTAMENT (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.), says with the forthrightness and energy which characterise his writing: "It is my firm personal conviction that there is no other book in the whole world as exciting as the Bible." From this premise he goes on to explain the plan of this fresh and vigorous work which has been written to help in the reading of the Old Testament by describing and commenting on incidents and personalities from its pages. Disarmingly he hopes that no reviewer will say that it fills a need. "The book," he insists, "fills no other need than my own," but there are those who will by no means agree with him and who will find it a source of new comprehension and, indeed, new enjoyment. The photographs in illustration have been well chosen.

It is twenty-two years since the late George Orwell wrote THE ROAD TO WIGAN PIER (Secker and Warburg. 18s.), which is now published in a new edition, and it is a happy thought that some things have changed since he wrote this brilliant piece of reporting on the industrial North of England and added to it his own strongly-felt, explosively worded opinions on politicians, class consciousness, Socialism and himself. As a matter of sober fact, this book still makes salutary reading, for even in the age of the Welfare State there are countless reforms still to be made, endless ways of assuring that social justice shall be more evenly administered. As for the writing itself, that remains as good and as exciting as ever, with Orwell's own and unmistakable kind of fierce simplicity.

A NOBEL PRIZE WINNER SETS OUT ON A VOYAGE: Mr. Ernest Hemingway and his wife lean against the rail of the liner *Constitution* in New York Harbour. They were about to sail for Algiers. From there they plan to visit Europe. The sixty-year-old American author, who gained an international reputation with *A Farewell to Arms*, was awarded the Pulitzer Prize in 1953 and the Nobel Prize for Literature in the following year for his last novel, *The Old Man and the Sea*.

There is no novelist quite like Miss March Cost. I do not mean that there is no novelist better, but only that she has a true originality of manner, such as produces odd but absorbing stories, and changes of scene that are practically kaleidoscopic. Consider Miss Cost's new novel, A WOMAN OF LETTERS (Collins. 15s.). This is concerned with a plain but beguiling orphan brought up with a large and genteelly poor family of girl cousins, determined from nurseryhood to become a writer and, for a long time, coming no closer to her ambition than being "postman" on a Highland mail round. Gradually she wins success and recognition in England and, later, in Italy, becomes the mistress of a rather sinister baron. This, by the way, in spite of her lifelong love for a newspaperman whose real job is in the Secret Service. Comes World War II, disaster and penury, till she wins success again and—you see the sort of thing. But, and it is a very big "but" indeed, all this is written with no hint of cloak-and-dagger bravado, but with a poetic elegance and restraint which make it unforgettable. March Cost is a name to remember.

THE POORHOUSE FAIR (Gollancz. 15s.) is a first novel by a writer known already through the columns of the *New Yorker*, Mr. John Updike. This is a story of the future, twenty years hence, and the setting is an old mansion-turned-poorhouse somewhere in the New Jersey countryside. The author differs from many who place their tales ahead in time, because he neither envisages a Utopia nor a scientific hell. In fact, the changes are not far-reaching at all in a Wellsian or Martian kind of way. His people are recognisable in type, and their unconscious, even unwilling acting out of their destinies furnishes the slight plot of a book that is nearer to a philosophical discussion than a run-of-the-mill novel.

THE WORLD OF HENRY ORIENT (Gollancz. 15s.) is set firmly in the present. It, too, is a first novel, by Miss Nora Johnson, and it is a delight. Here the scene is New York, but it is not the Manhattan of the business man, the socialite or the intellectual: it is the city in which two thirteen-year-old girls go to day school, get a crush on a concert pianist, keep diaries and try to keep secrets. Because this is where it is, one of the girls pays constant visits to a psychiatrist: while the other, the narrator, remains poised and equable in spite of the *trauma* that a divorce in the family might have caused. Miss Johnson writes about them, their families and their doings with a blend of X-ray perception, compassion and humour, and the result is very good indeed.

Italo Calvino, a young Italian novelist, writes about a young sixteenth-century nobleman who, at the age of twelve, refuses to eat a dish of snails, climbs into an old oak-tree and won't come down again. It is the kind of threat that children have been making through the ages, but the hero of BARON IN THE TREES (Collins. 13s. 6d.) means it and spends the rest of his life with his feet well above the ground, even escaping to death as a very old man on the anchor of a balloon some English aeronauts are flying over his home. Charming fantasy and adventure.

THE JOYFUL BEGGAR (Gollancz. 16s.) is Mr. Louis de Wohl's novel based on the life of St. Francis of Assisi, and in it the author has been able to capture some of the simple, uncomplicated happiness that was this saint's gift to the Christian religion. Plainly written, without heroics, but not without its moving passages of an expression of faith.

THE PURPLE AND THE SCARLET (Harrap. 15s.) is not precisely the book one might have expected from the ex-editor of one of this country's principal newspapers, since it is an examination, in terms of historical narrative, of the events after the death of Christ. What happened then is the question Mr. Guy Schofield has asked himself and has done his intelligent best to answer. This is scarcely, as the publishers claim for it, an historical sequel to the New Testament, but it is extraordinarily interesting and as thought-provoking as many a main news page.

The thriller of the week is MURDER NOON AND NIGHT (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 12s. 6d.) and enthusiastically do I recommend it. Kelley Roos has written about a reunion of chorus-girls at a rich admirer's summer place and has made it a good deal more full of suspense than one would generally suppose such gatherings to be. Locale: A New England island. Pace: Terrific.

Vernon Fane

Boris Pasternak is still coming under heavy fire from the Russian critics, the latest of them Mikhail Sholokhov, author of *And Quiet Flows the Don*, who in London recently declared that Pasternak was regarded in Soviet literary circles as the "poet of old maids." For good measure Sholokhov added that *Dr. Zhivago* was a shapeless novel, and if it were to be published in Russia the author would be beaten by the readers. Coinciding with these attacks comes the publication of Pasternak's AN ESSAY IN AUTOBIOGRAPHY (Collins and Harvill Press. 15s.), a slim volume, but a revealing and necessary one, giving us a glimpse of this remarkable man and the literary and artistic acquaintances of his formative years. Pasternak was born in Moscow in 1890, the son of a well-known painter, Leonid Pasternak, and his pianist wife Rosa Pasternak, *née* Kaufman. All Boris Pasternak's early training was directed towards a musical career, but skilful though he became, he knew that he could never reach the spontaneity and perfection his tutors expected.

It was after the summer of 1912, spent at Marburg University, that Pasternak found that his true vocation was poetry. This is a tantalisingly brief sketch that the author of *Dr. Zhivago* has given us, and we can only hope that one day there will be more; but as Pasternak himself says in his conclusion, "To take it further would be immeasurably difficult. If I went on with it, keeping to the sequence of events, I would have to speak of years and circumstances, of people and of destinies contained within the framework of the Revolution. Of a world of aims and aspirations, problems and achievements previously unknown, and of a new restraint, a new severity and new trials which it imposed on human personality, pride, honour, industry and endurance."

PASTERNAK LOOKS BACK

A Brief Autobiographical Sketch

Leslie Hunter has probably done neither himself nor his profession as a journalist any particular service with his book, THE ROAD TO BRIGHTON PIER (Arthur Barker. 16s.), for in his day the Parliamentary Correspondent must inevitably receive a whole host of confidences, and there is always a delicate relationship between giver and receiver in these matters, providing the basis often for deep mutual respect. Mr. Hunter has told all, or nearly all, about the turbulent years when the Labour Party was resolving the issues of leadership after the close of the two Attlee administrations. Mr. Hunter is at his frankest in describing the clash of personality between Attlee and Morrison.

Here is a very different book by a rather different kind of journalist, Cyril Dunn, African Correspondent for *The Observer* from 1954 to 1958. In CENTRAL AFRICAN WITNESS (Gollancz. 21s.) he shows the creaking machinery of the Central African Federation in action. This is a timely book, for 1960 will give Britain a chance to review the structure of the Federation, and it will be reviewed against the background of recent events which have led Mr. Dunn and others also to the view that "it is no longer possible to suppose that things are going peacefully forward towards a maturing racial partnership."

CHINDIT LEADER

The character and achievements of Orde Wingate have already piled up a considerable bibliography, and several writers of talent with keen powers of observation and deduction have thrown valuable light on both. In his ORDE WINGATE (Collins. 35s.) Christopher Sykes, in a remarkable biography, has pieced together, examined and collated every known source to produce a fascinating character study. There can be few more difficult subjects, and perhaps Sir Winston's summary "a man of genius who might have become a man of destiny" takes us as near as we can yet arrive at a final verdict on the historical importance of his achievements. For Wingate died before his famous "stronghold" theory could be proved effective. Complex and contradictory, his character is baffling. Strictly nurtured among Plymouth Brethren, he never abandoned religion and used the Bible as a military textbook. He early broke away from his upbringing to become a hunting man and successful hockey. Aloofness and deep-thinking sandwiched ragging and dancing. He had a spell of African exploration via the Sudan Defence Force and that led on to Palestine in the '30's when Arab alarm over Zionism grew serious. He became a devoted Zionist and to the end believed that his true destiny was to organise the defence of Israel. With him the cause was always more important than ambition. As a soldier he was insubordinate and politically outspoken. He had fits of despair, and diffidence and even sulks in the very article of performing a desperate venture. When, in '42, with a reputation made in Palestine and Ethiopia, he was given a Far Eastern appointment, after appeal to highest authority, it was not the field for which he had trained. Ever ready to sacrifice career to a cause, he rose to be regarded as indispensable despite his critics. His men followed him blindly to almost certain death, ruthless and hard as often he was. The courage he inspired, the genius of his planning, are proven history. It is certain that he was an extraordinary man, uncomfortable to live with, impossible to underrate, compelling admiration, eluding classification.

AND NOW IRAQ

It is fair comment that we are learning what we should long since have known, about the Arab States and the Middle East in piecemeal fashion. In quick succession have come books about Glubb, Reginald Wingate, Orde Wingate, Nuri as-Said, to name a few, and the circle of each sphere of influence cuts another. All these books are informed, interesting and well-written and so far as I know authoritative. The glut confuses me. In NURI AS-SAID (Cassell. 30s.) Lord Birdwood tells the strange story of young Feisal's Prime Minister, born in Bagdad in 1888, trained up as an officer in the Turkish Army, who devoted his life to Arab independence, became chief architect of Iraq's independent status as a member of the League of Nations and achieved the Iraq-Jordan alliance against the U.A.R. He dreamed of a Greater Syria but was killed before his work was done. He is honoured in Britain because he was unquestionably the friend of Britain, and his murder, following that of his young king, was a blow to British hopes. Through all these books about Middle East States and personalities, runs the common admission of British muddle in policy and vacillation in the handling of many a sudden *coup* and *volte-face*. I confess that there seem to be excuses for indeterminate thinking and action. It is not easy to pin down quicksilver, nor to order the unruly wills and affections of a dozen fiery, jealous races or to assess the virtues of their leaders from a distance and in terms of sober Whitehall. From Balfour to Macmillan proofs of that are forthcoming—not least when oil became no smoother of troubled waters.

John Gore

Sir Robert Bristow's COCHIN SAGA (Cassell. 30s.) presents rather a mixed bag, a 2,500-year history of foreign government and merchant adventuring in South India, and a more personal narrative of modern times with the development of the port of Cochin, for which Sir Robert was himself responsible in the '20's and '30's. Despite the unevenness in presentation, this is a rewarding book, and the fact that it should perhaps have been two books need not be a deterrent. It is a reminder of the work carried out during the British Raj.

J. G. MacGregor's NORTH-WEST OF SIXTEEN (Arthur Barker. 16s.) is a vigorous, witty and nostalgic account of life in Northern Alberta at the turn of the century. John MacGregor arrived with his parents at Edmonton in 1902, and the tale of their homesteading was a heart-breaking one. It did not break their hearts; his parents had too much good humour, and the son inherited it in generous measure.

V. M. Coppleson's SHARK ATTACK (Angus and Robertson. 25s.) is a blood-chilling book. The author traces the history of one of the great scourges of the sea. He is full of facts and figures, and some of his photographs are almost too painful to look upon. Dr. Coppleson proves conclusively, the reader may think, the theory of the rogue shark which, once having tasted blood, comes close inshore to wait for further victims.

R. C. E.

TORTURE AND TORMENT IN A POETIC DRAMA: In a scene in Shelley's *The Cenci* at the Old Vic, in London, Marzio, a Hired Assassin (played by Dennis Chinnery), is being held up on the rack to make his confession under torture. Beatrice (Barbara Jefford) is looking towards him. Seated on the throne is Cardinal Camillo (Charles West), and seated on right below the steps is Savella, the Pope's Legate (Norman Scace). *On right*—Dennis Chinnery is prepared for his part by Helen Thomas, the theatre's Wardrobe Mistress, who is arranging that his torments shall be as comfortable as possible. *The Cenci* started at the Old Vic last week and is being given at all performances until the end of the season on June 6.

VICTIM OF HER FATHER'S CRUELTY: Beatrice, who is being driven to desperation by the evil passion of her father, is comforted by her stepmother, Lucretia (Veronica Turleigh). Later the tragedy mounts as they plot the Count's death.

"THE CENCI" AT THE OLD VIC

Shelley is said to have been fascinated by the reputed portrait of Beatrice Cenci, by Guido, in the Colonna Palace, in Rome. This led him to investigate the Cenci legend, which, he reported, was "a subject not to be mentioned in Italian Society without awakening a deep and breathless interest." To-day presumably Italian society and certainly most scholars regard the story as having little foundation in fact. However, precision was not a virtue cultivated by the early nineteenth-century Romantics, and it seems clear that the writing of *The Cenci*, with its obsession with lust, passion and murder, was as necessary to the poet's genius as "Prometheus Unbound," the poem on the exultant theme of human redemption, which he wrote at the same time. The Old Vic production is the first public performance in London since the war. Michael Benthall is the director, settings and costumes are by Leslie Hurry, and John Lambert has composed the incidental music. *The Cenci* rounds off a season in which, besides, naturally, Shakespeare, works by Ibsen, Pinero and Molière have been in the bill. Hugh Griffith plays the part of the incestuous Count, whose daughter Beatrice (Barbara Jefford) is presented by Shelley as a noble-minded, romantic girl driven by desperation to conspire with other relatives to murder her father. However, in *The Cenci* it is the poetry which counts. This the Old Vic Company makes abundantly clear.

On left—

PARDON FROM THE POPE: Cardinal Camillo tells Count Cenci that the Pope has absolved him from the most hideous crime at the cost of one-third of his estates.

NEW ARRIVALS IN THE ANIMAL WORLD

And Rabbits Among the Pigeons

MAKING ITS DEBUT: The baby giraffe prances out of its stable at Whipsnade Zoo, in Bedfordshire, for its first appearance before the public. It was born at the Zoo on April 16. Giraffes are about 6 ft. tall when born and grow to a height of between 17 and 18 ft. They live and breed quite easily in captivity.

RABBITS IN HYDE PARK: A duck swims in to have a closer look at the rabbits and pigeons together at the Knightsbridge corner of Hyde Park, in London. A fence has been erected around the area where the family of rabbits have settled, and, if they do not grow too large in numbers, they will be allowed to remain.

FARMYARD FRIENDSHIP: The lamb looks for help as the cat between its legs steals its specially-prepared milk. The cat on a Gloucestershire farm quickly made friends with the one-day-old lamb after it had been deserted by its mother. But there is obviously, in the cat's opinion, a price for friendship. The lamb will have to be reared on milk from a bottle.

DANCING BEARS: Snap and Pop, two of the triplets born at Whipsnade Zoo about four months ago, take their dance very seriously. They are brown bear cubs in the Children's Section where they are very popular. The other member of the family is called Crackle. Another three brown bear cubs were born at the Bedfordshire Zoo about a month after these.

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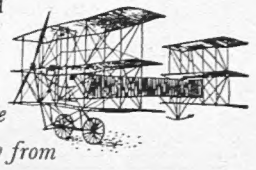

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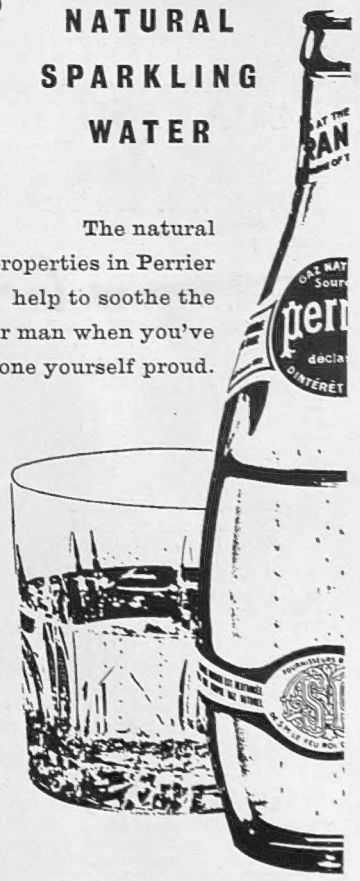

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IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House,* 195-198, *Strand, London, W.C.2.*

BANTRY BAY, Co. Cork. ARDNAGASHEL HOUSE
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KESWICK, ENGLISH LAKES. LODORE SWISS HOTEL
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CRAXTON WOOD HOTEL and CLUB
(on Chester/Hoylake road) for luxurious comfort and country-house contentment. Tel.: Hooton 3111.

LEOMINSTER, Herefordshire. TALBOT HOTEL
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One of Scotland's finest hotels, facing the Firth of Clyde and near the lovely Burns' country. Modern, luxurious, furnished for ease, comfort and relaxation. Five famous golf courses, sands, safe bathing, tennis. Tel.: 980.

ON APRIL 3 THAT AVENUE OF CHERRY BLOSSOM, just north of Stratford St. Mary on the A.12, Colchester/Ipswich road, was a spectacle never to be forgotten, for it was then at the peak of its magnificence. Hereabouts one is in the Constable country, beloved by the famous artist in all seasons for its rural charm. So if you should feel like meandering along the Stour, visiting such picturesque villages as Dedham, Flatford, or over the Essex border to Clare, you will be well content in mind and body at the curiously-named Le Talbooth Hotel and Restaurant at the foot of Gun Hill on this A.12, or at another charming house, Nethergate Hall Hotel, in the tranquil village of Clare. (Surprisingly enough the main-road traffic at Le Talbooth did not disturb us at all, for this picturesque wrinkled-beamed house nestles on the bank of the Stour below the main road and, as sound rises, one is oblivious to the fury or fumes of the road.) Both hotels specialise in good food and wine, and both have a close relationship in that Le Talbooth is personally run by Gerald Milsom and his wife, while at Nethergate House you will find his married sister, Mrs. Michael Slade, and her husband.

This year we spent the last night of our East Anglian tour at Nethergate Hotel, Clare. Arriving shortly before dinner-time and quite unexpected, we are happy to record that our meal was delicious and hope that the holiday parson in mufti who was staying there, too, will endorse our findings!

We have often extolled the unfrequented roads and pleasing charm of East Anglia but we had never before been so impressed with the sea coast and countryside we passed through in springtime.

In the half-light, following a day of sunshine, we arrived—seemingly the only week-end visitors on the road—at Frinton. We already knew our objective, but the resident owners of Frinton Lodge Hotel had no inkling of our intended arrival. From the crisp bracing air off the North Sea we stepped into the warmth of central-heating. After viewing several rooms (one of the many advantages of travelling out of season) we selected one which we soon discovered was a model in detailed thought. In many respects it was a pattern to the other rooms. Lights in the right places (how often my wife has to complain of lack of lighting over the dressing-table), modern vita-glass casement windows that swung outwards, waxed paper linings to drawers, shaving points, radio and intercom installation with the hotel office, the latest type of built-in furniture and, in the adjoining private bathroom, a new type of cellular panelling which deadened all noise. After an excellent dinner and a most comfortable night we felt that we had once again endorsed our view that the best hotel in a resort is not necessarily the largest, or the highest-starred one, but an hotel such as Frinton Lodge where the resident owners, Major and Mrs. McNelly, are absorbed with how much they put into their hotel and not how much they can take out.

There is nothing monotonous in our hotel seekings; every day is full of promise. Leaving Frinton we rejoined the A.12 and, heading northward, turned off a few yards from the Woodbridge By-pass to revisit that fine old Elizabethan mansion, Seckford Hall Hotel. Here Mr. and Mrs. Harold Bunn have made a great name for their catering and, as good halting-places are conspicuous by their absence in this area, note it well. Though catering is the main forte, there are eight period furnished bedrooms and a charming garden. Prior booking, both for meals and accommodation, is advisable. The telephone number is Woodbridge 678.

It was Mr. Bunn who put us wise to the surprise of the day—The Ramsholt Arms—perched on the bank of the Deben River. How to reach it or learn of its history is too long a story to relate here, but let it be recorded that rarely have we been directed to an inn so spotless. It is run by a couple known to all locally as Bob and Mary (Mr. and Mrs. Lambert). Mary is an excellent cook but meals can only be done to prior order, for it means an 18-mile drive to lay on supplies. Bob is an ex-fighter pilot, loves the water and so fits the place like a pair of sea-boots. There are three bedrooms as clean and attractive as the rest of the house. Primitive? Not a bit of it. H. and c., central-heating and a bedside telephone if you *must* communicate with the world without.

Once again returning to the A.12, our next objective was Southwold, the Crown and the Swan Hotels. Both are owned by the long-established local and family brewery firm of Adnams and how well they have invested their money in each inn. In the homely, warm lounge of the Crown we asked for just a pot of tea, but after viewing the trolley of home-made cakes we succumbed. Such, however, is the invigorating qualities of the East Coast air that it in no way destroyed our enjoyment of the excellent dinner at the Hatfield Hotel, Lowestoft, where we spent a comfortable night. This and the Victoria Hotel have been for many years in the hands of the Henderson family and they have good reason to be proud of their catering standards and long-service staff. Old-fashioned in some respects, yet modernly appointed (our bedroom had a private bathroom), it was with reluctance that we left Lowestoft the next morning and headed westwards for Beccles. Here we visited the type of hotel that we would like to find in all busy market towns, a country house close to the shops yet remote from the noise of traffic. Waveney House is the name, situated on the banks of the Waveney River, and thus a good base for a Broadland holiday. We know that many will be charmed with this house, its setting and the tasteful way in which it has been furnished. Mrs. Brumfitt and her son, who run it, are content with a club bar and thus they encourage the type of visitor they prefer.

Notes of our wanderings through Norfolk we must hold over for another week, though we did strike one other small inn which is only just within East Suffolk—viz: The Black Swan at Homersfield, just off the Harleston/Bungay road. Here in a panelled lounge bar we enjoyed a Sunday morning appetiser and overheard such tantalising talk about food and wine that we nearly tore up our schedule and stopped for lunch. For the information of others who are as inquisitive as ourselves we recorded that the tenants are a Mr. and Mrs. Peters, and the telephone number is Homersfield 204.

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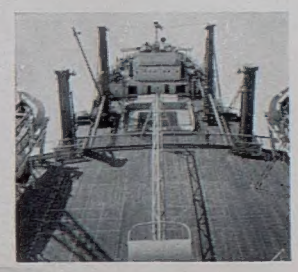

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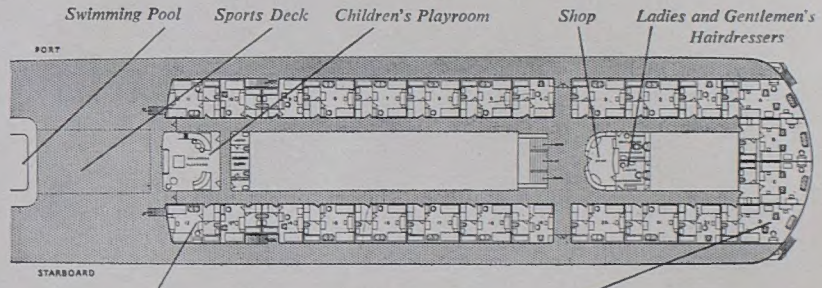

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